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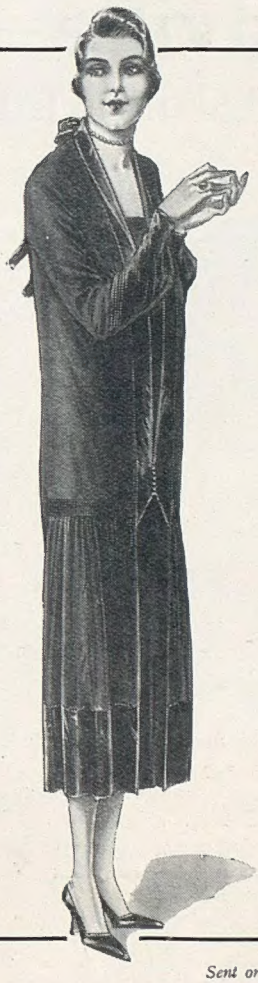

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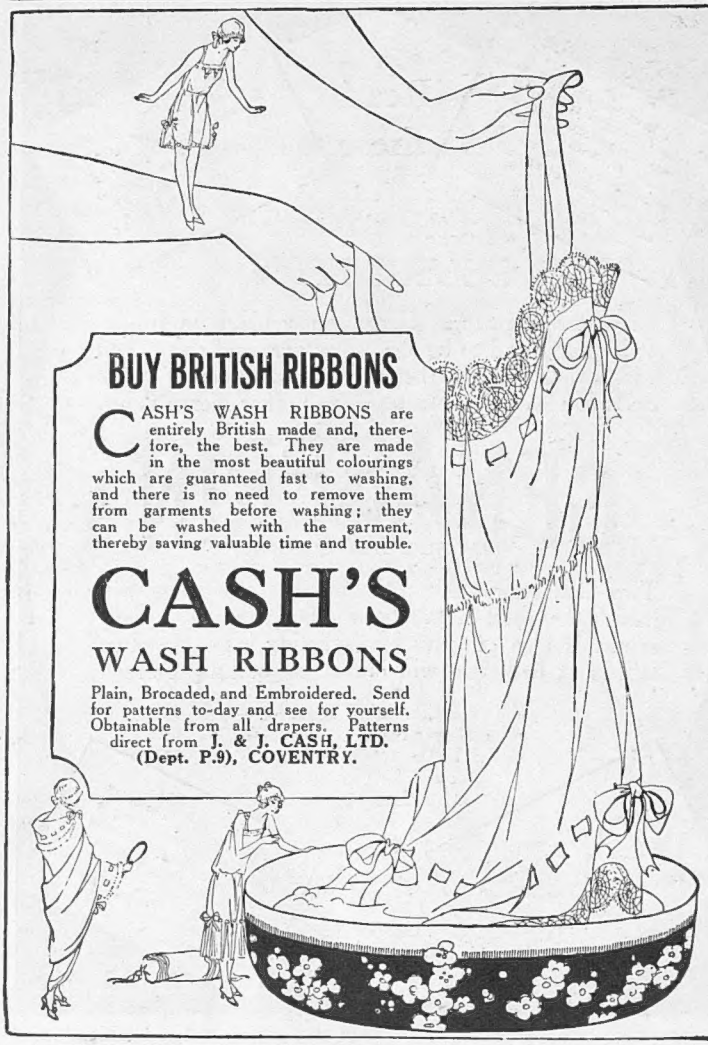

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This week's issue (on sale Feb. 6) contains, among others, the following interesting features:—

The Season in Rome.
An inside view of life in the Italian capital to-day.

Leaders of Roman Society.
Studio portraits of prominent Italian hostesses.

Riviera Flora and Fauna.
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IRENE VANBRUGH. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.

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The Bystander, February 3, 1926

The BYSTANDER

No. 1157. Vol. LXXXIX

Lafayette

LADY MARGARET SCOTT

The eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh. Her marriage to Lieut.-Com. Geoffrey Hawkins, M.V.O., D.S.O., R.N., takes place in Cape Town on the 16th of this month

BY DAVID WILSON

BIG BEN'S BET!

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

THEY TELL ME THAT THE ISLE OF WIGHT IS SLIPPING INTO THE SEA —'

The Vanishing Island

THEY tell me that the Isle of Wight is slipping into the sea, and I am very upset about it. I have always had a warm corner in my heart for "the Island," and this coast erosion has got to be stopped. If the local Mayors can't manage the job, I shall have to go down and see about it myself.

WHEN I PASSED THROUGH THE ROMANTIC STAGE THAT PROMPTS ONE TO PURCHASE AN ISLAND —

A Tale of Carisbrooke

LONG ago, when I was a bright and promising lad, I was given a beautiful book with the crest of my school printed in gold upon the cover. That book was called "The Captain of the Wight," and told a thrilling tale of Carisbrooke Castle in the good old days. There were tilts and tournaments, plots and counter-plots in plenty; and an expeditionary force was sent to France, where the hero performed prodigies of valour.

The Garden Isle

I AM particularly fond of the Isle of Wight. When the big boats are bringing me back from America I like to stand on deck and talk about it to curious Americans visiting England for the first time. As we steam (if we do still steam) slowly up the Solent (or is it Spithead?) I tell them all sorts of things about the Garden Isle that it is good for them to know. And they never fail to be impressed. I am very grateful to them for that.

THERE IS AN ELUSIVE QUALITY ABOUT YOUR PASSPORT THAT BEATS YOU AT EVERY TURN —'

A Jolly Dream

WHEN I passed through the romantic stage that prompts one to purchase an island, I did not crave for Alderney or Sark. The Hebrides left me cold, and I did not even aspire to become King of Lundy. The Isle of Wight was good enough for me. I decided to establish my seat of government at Newport and to fly my flag above the keep of Carisbrooke. Ventnor was to be my summer resort, and I purposed converting Cowes into a naval base. It was a jolly dream, and explains why I am so upset when my morning paper tells me that the Island is slipping into the sea.

MANY OF US MAKE A GREAT PARADE OF OUR LOVE OF COUNTRY —'

HOWARD K ELCOCK

The Passport Nuisance

WE are promised a modification of the passport nuisance—and about time, too. Every time I look at my passport photograph—the only one in existence—I hate myself more than ever, and every time the passport officer looks at it he tries hard to suppress a smile. True, I grow less like this pictorial burlesque as the years roll by, but we do not alter in essentials, and, in this case, it is the essentials that matter.

THERE WERE TILTS AND TOURNAMENTS

I LIKE TO STAND ON DECK AND TALK ABOUT IT TO CURIOUS AMERICANS —'

EVERY TIME I LOOK AT MY PASSPORT PHOTOGRAPH I HATE MYSELF MORE THAN EVER

TO-DAY OUR DAUGHTERS SWALLOW THAT SILLY, SEXY STUFF. —

BY BLAM

THE "WESTMINSTER WAY"

"Pass along, please—upstairs!"

An Elusive Quality

AND that isn't the only kick I have against this relic of militant times. You may spend a week packing for a foreign trip, but you will always forget your passport. There is an elusive quality about it that meets you and beats you at every turn. Usually, when it has been run to earth you find that it is either out of date, or that it lacks a *visé*, or that it has not been endorsed for the particular place you intend to visit. The passport is a pest, and no one will regret its passing.

Home, Sweet Home

I WAS not at all surprised to hear that Abe Mitchell had declined, with thanks, the invitation to play the first half of his great challenge match in America. I was on the boat with him when he paid his first visit to the States, and he seemed scared to death at the whole business. Deep down in his heart there is the firm conviction that "there's no place like home," and the Americans couldn't float a loan big enough to induce him to settle among them.

The Beckoning Dollar

WHEN we remember that Mitchell is almost certainly the world's greatest match player, we cannot be too grateful that this distaste for travel is likely to keep him among us to the end of his days. Many of us make a great parade of our love of country, but our patriotism is seldom proof against the wiles of the beckoning dollar. Call it insularity, if you will, but I should feel inclined to pigeon-hole it under a far more attractive title.

Smuggling Lore

THE suggestion to run a light railway across the famous Romney marshes makes it imperative that Russell Thorndike's creepy story of smuggling days, *Dr. Syn*, should be staged without delay. Even now, when Dymchurch is one of the most isolated spots in the South of England, it is difficult to believe how much of fact is included in this stirring bit of fiction. Their close proximity to the Continent makes Kent and Sussex rich in smuggling lore, but a light railway from New Romney to Hythe will blow most of the old traditions sky-high.

British Musical Comedy

IT is to be hoped that Frederick Lonsdale and Sir Alfred Butt have really come to terms about this new musical comedy for Drury Lane, for the English musical play is in sore need of some such spectacular revival. British authors have been almost entirely ousted by British managers who do not believe in British goods, and it will be a feather in the cap of our national theatre if something can really be done about it.

His Name and Fame

ALREADY, playgoers are beginning to forget that Lonsdale founded his name and fame on the creation of musical comedy characters. "Fancy Lonsdale deserting straight plays for musical comedy!" said a bright young thing the other evening. "Who do you think wrote *The Maid of the Mountains?*" I asked her. "Dear me, dear me! So he did!" was the reply. Irving Berlin has written some pretty tunes, but it is more important that Mr. Lonsdale should write the book than that Mr. Berlin should write the music.

The Riviera for One Shilling

NEXT week's number of THE BYSTANDER will be our Second Riviera Number. In it you will find many special articles and pictures culled on the Côte d'Azur. Whether you have been to the Riviera this season or whether you have stopped in the land of rain and unrest, our Riviera Number will bring the atmosphere of that sunny clime to you as surely as though you sought it via *Le Train Bleu*. Furthermore, next week's number will contain all the usual features, in addition to the special Riviera articles and pictures.

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their quantity, size, and lustre. Before her widowhood, on State occasions; as I told you a little time ago, the whole front of her dress was covered by rope after rope. But it is surprising to learn that they are worth over one and three-quarter millions sterling. There are over 200 yards of them! Think of it—600 feet of pearls, and such pearls, each one perfect, and some so large that it used to be difficult to believe they were real!

The pearls are in thirty-two strings, and

Alfieri

BEFORE THE RUN

Two runners and a "non-runner" photographed at a recent meet of the Belvoir at Leadenham House. The photograph shows Miss Platt (left), Miss Slater and Mrs. Borton

have been left to the King of Italy. Queen Margherita also had some superb emeralds. These she has left to her daughter-in-law, Queen Elena. Her diamonds, which came to her from her father and mother, the Duke and Duchess of Genoa, she has left to her brother, the present Duke of Genoa. Queen Elena, who already possesses some fine diamonds, also gets the big diamond crown Queen Margherita wore for Court and State occasions.

The Carlton Club

NOBODY is surprised by anything in these days, but we all had a little gasp when the Athenæum gave an evening party to which ladies were bidden—the first time a feminine foot, except one belonging to a housemaid, had crossed that sacrosanct threshold. There was another gasp when it was announced that the Carlton Club had opened its doors to the lady guests of members, because here was another case of intense conservatism coming into line with a modern innovation, and actually going one better than its equally conservative neighbour a few doors away in Pall Mall.

But it now transpires that the Carlton Club itself is still inviolate. Under the new rule persons of the female gender may lunch or dine or take a cup of tea *at* the Carlton Club, but not *in* the Carlton Club—oh, dear me, no!

The Club has taken a lease of Lord Dudley's house, 7, Carlton Gardens, immediately at the back of its own stately premises, where Governments have been made and unmade; Prime Ministers chosen; promising politicians pushed forward to office; politicians who have had their day relegated to peerages; and where its members have sat guestless ever since the Carlton was founded.

So far as the Club proper is concerned, the members will still be guestless, because the old tradition is to be maintained. But in the annexe—as Lord Dudley's old house is now called—they can entertain whom they will, both masculine and feminine. The annexe is certainly more cheerful than the somewhat sombre magnificence of the Club itself. My goodness, what thousands of pounds must have been spent on marble staircases and columns, mosaic doors and gilding when the big clubs like the Athenæum, the Carlton, the Reform, the Oxford and Cambridge, the United Services, and the Junior United Services were built, not to mention the Constitutional and the National Liberal, which are of later date.

Alfieri

READY FOR ACTION

Mrs. Dodson and Mrs. Gordon armed for the fray which, in this instance, was a meet of the Belvoir, recently held at Leadenham House

L.N.A.

ALIGHTING FOR A MOUNT

Mrs. Ernest Stokes (left), Lady Blanche Scott and Captain Scott leave the mere motor in search of their hunters. The photograph was taken at a meet of the Cottesmore at Tilton

L.N.A

A MEET AND A "FROST"

The Countess of Ancaster photographed at a recent meet of the Duke of Rutland's Hounds at Eaton Grange. Owing to the frozen state of the ground, the meet had to be abandoned

G.P.U.

AN HISTORIC GATHERING

The scene at the Treasury when the agreement for funding the Italian debt to Great Britain was signed. The names are: the Marchese Della Torretta, Italian Ambassador (left), Signor Grandi, Count Volpi, the Italian Minister of Finance, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Sir Otto Niemeyer

Hay Wrightson

A BRIDE-TO-BE

A recent portrait of Miss Marjorie Kettlewell, better known to theatre-goers as Miss Marjorie Gordon, whose marriage to Mr. J. E. T. Ritchie has been announced. Mr. Ritchie is the heir of Sir James Ritchie, Bart.

The Lord Great Chamberlain.

IT's very odd that people like peeresses, who you think would know, don't know the difference between the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Great Chamberlain. The titles, I admit, are confusing, but the functions of the two officials are so widely separated that it is difficult to see how anyone can make a mistake.

The Lord Chamberlain's functions are concerned solely with functions at Buckingham Palace. He issues the King's commands for attendance at Courts, garden parties, or any other form of royal entertainment, and he likewise issues the vouchers for the Royal enclosure at Ascot.

But the Lord Great Chamberlain has an entirely different office. To begin with, the post is hereditary, and as the Marquis of Cholmondeley and the Marquis of Lincolnshire have equal hereditary rights, it was decided that they and their successors should carry out the duties of the post in alternate reigns. During King Edward's reign the late Marquis of Cholmondeley was Lord Great Chamberlain; the Marquis of Lincolnshire holds the office during the present reign.

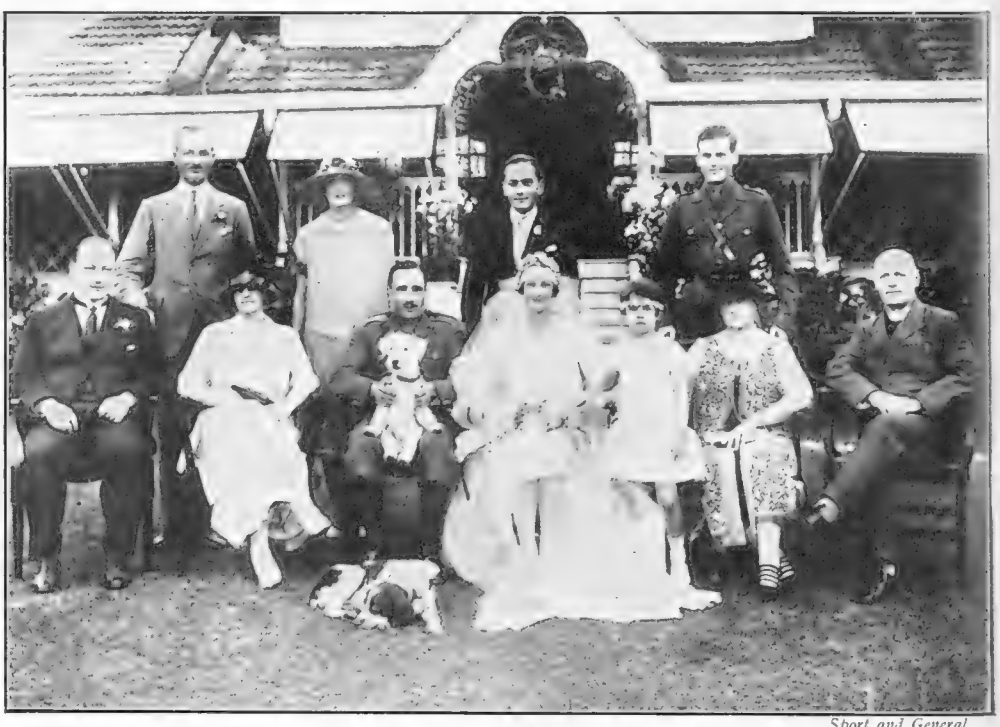
The Lord Great Chamberlain's functions only come into operation at a Coronation and when the King opens Parliament. It is he who allots the seats in the House of Lords to peeresses who wish to be present at the opening of a new session. Yet, although a notice was put in the papers warning peeresses that they must apply to the Lord Great Chamberlain for seats for yesterday's opening of Parliament, a rain of applications fell on the Lord Chamberlain, who had no more to do with the arrangements for the ceremony than you or your Bystander.

Lord Lincolnshire's only son, Lord Wendover, was killed in the War. The Marquisate and the Earldom of Carrington will end with him, as his brother, the Hon. Rupert Carington, is heir only to

Compton Collier

AN APPROACHING MARRIAGE

Miss Heather Carmichael Bell, daughter of Col. R. C. Bell, D.S.O., and Mrs. Bell, whose wedding to the Master of Belhaven, heir of Lord Belhaven and Stenton, takes place to-morrow, February 4th, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



Sport and General

A WEDDING IN BOMBAY

A group taken after the wedding at All Saints Church, Malabar Hill, Bombay, of Mr. C. E Bleck, son of the late Mr. E. C. Bleck, C.M.G., and Miss Margery Aitken, daughter of the late Sir Robert Aitken and Lady Aitken. The photograph shows: sitting—Mr. J. E. Aitken (left), Mrs. E. C. Bleck, the bridegroom and bride, Miss Veronica MacGillivray, Lady Aitken and the Rev. C. W. Hatchell. Standing are: Mr. J. G. Ridland (left), Mrs. J. E. Aitken, Mr. B. Bleck and Mr. Lucas

Vandyk

AT THE RECEPTION

A photograph taken after the wedding of Mr. Duncan Stirling, son of the late Major Stirling, of Fairburn, and Lady Marjorie Murray, eldest daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, V.C. In addition to the bride and bridegroom, the group includes: Lady Janet Campbell, Lady Jean Dalrymple, the Hon. Lettice Harbord, Miss Olivia Campbell, Miss Anne Drummond-Moray, the Hon. José Evans-Freke, Miss Marjory Stirling, Lady Elisabeth Murray, Miss Judie Leslie-Melville, Lady Jean Leslie-Melville, Master Michael Leslie-Melville and the best man, Mr. Cuthbert Fitzherbert

the two baronies of Carrington—one of Ireland and the other of Great Britain. The different spelling of the surname and of the barony is unusual. The family surname was originally Smith.

The Lord Great Chamberlain comes to Lord Lincolnshire through his mother, who was a daughter of a Lord Willoughby d'Eresby. The hereditary right to the office also came to the Marquises of Cholmondeley through the female line. There was a great to-do, I remember, about their rival claims, and it was King Edward, I believe, who suggested the sort of Solomon judgment—turn and turn about. But peeresses really ought to know the difference between my Lord Chamberlain and my Lord Great Chamberlain.

Lafayette

AT FULHAM PALACE

The Rev. Richard Hamilton Babington and his bride, Miss Evelyn Montgomery, after their wedding at All Saints, Fulham. The Bishop of London, who is with them, officiated at the ceremony and lent Fulham Palace for the reception

Bassano

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Mr. G. W. B. Portman, elder son of Captain the Hon. Gerald Portman, with his bride Miss Marjorie Gerrard, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Bentley Gerrard, of Montreal, after their wedding at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The bridesmaids were Miss Penelope Portman and Miss Betty Kindersley, and the best man, Lord Cottenham

St. Anne's, Clontarf

THE late Lady Ardilaun, whose husband was the brother of Lord Iveagh, and one of the two Guinness peers, left her beautiful house, St. Anne's, at Clontarf, near Dublin, to her husband's nephew, Bishop Plunket. The Bishop's father was a peer and likewise Archbishop of Dublin. He married a sister of Lord Ardilaun and Lord Iveagh.

The present Lord Plunket, the Bishop's nephew, married the lovely widow of Captain Jack Barnato, the son of Barney Barnato. Lady Plunket, I see, has recently had to protest against newspaper exaggerations as to the amount of money which is supposed to have come to or to be coming to her from the Barnato estate. There's nothing more trying than to be credited with vast sums you don't possess.

A Veteran Earl

LAST week the Earl and Countess of Coventry celebrated the sixty-first

Photographs

LADY BLANDFORD (left), MAJOR CARLOS CLARK and MRS. HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD

CAPT. HEYWORTH and MISS GILLIAN

Sport & General

MISS R. McPHERSON (left), MISS LE ROY LEWIS and MR. GASKELL

PERSONALITIES AT THE WARWICK 'CHASES

anniversary of their marriage, a record not only in the peerage but in other walks of life. Lord Coventry has held his earldom for a longer time than any living peer, that is, eighty-three years, for he succeeded his grandfather at the age of five, and is now eighty-eight. He has seen seventy Derbys, and is the only owner who has won the Grand National two years running with two sister mares. That was just over sixty years ago. He is Father of those two very dissimilar institutions, the House of Lords and the Jockey Club.

Lord Coventry clings to many of the ways of his youth. For instance, he has never shot with anything but a muzzle-loading gun; the modern breech-loader he will not handle. Likewise he always wears a tall hat at race meetings. His grandson, the Hon. George Coventry, heir-presumptive to the Earldom after Lord Deerhurst, married the elder of Lord Kylsant's daughters; his eldest granddaughter is the future Countess of Harrowby. The youngest of Lord Coventry's daughters married Prince Victor Duleep Singh, the first and only instance of a marriage between a member of the British peerage and an Indian prince. He died towards the end of the War, and Princess Victor now lives in Paris.

Lord and Lady Coventry have had nine children, all of whom are alive. The second and third sons, the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Henry Coventry, married Americans; the fourth son Sir Henry Coventry, is a barrister, and four years ago was appointed Recorder of Stoke-upon-Trent, which was a repetition of family history, since the first Lord Coventry was Recorder of London in the reign of James I—the peerage was then a barony—and the seventh Earl was Recorder of Worcester. The present venerable peer is the ninth Earl.

Concerning Wine

As you know, the fashion nowadays at luncheons and dinners is all for white wine. If you are offered claret or burgundy you are surprised. Everybody who doesn't drink barley water drinks white wine.

This change of fashion with regard to wine was discussed the other evening at a dinner at which your Bystander was a guest. Somebody said that after the War the Germans bought up all the better kinds of red wine in France. Their heavy purchases left only thin and acid red wine for the English market, so we English took to drinking white wine because we could not stomach the sourness of particularly sour and very ordinary *vin ordinaire*.

Somebody else said this was all wrong, and that we were not drinking white wine because of the German purchases from the French, but because some of our fashionable doctors had declared that red wine brought gout, rheumatism, and kindred

WITH THE GUNS *I.B.*

Some of the guests at Mr. Curzon Herrick's shoot at Beaumanor, near Loughborough, photographed before moving off to cover. The names are: Lord Huntingdon (left), Mr. W. E. Paget (Master of the Quorn), Lady Curzon, Major Peacock and Sir William Bass

ills, whereas white wine brought nothing beyond "a sparkle to the eye."

Your Bystander inclines to the second opinion. Brandy to-day is practically looked upon as either a medicine or a liqueur. But there was a time when brandy and soda was the fashionable drink in London clubs, in messes Naval and Military, and in all places north and south of the Equator where the British male kind gathered together.

Then gradually whisky and soda displaced the old "B. & S." That change came from the doctors. They decreed that whisky was anti-rheumatic—and the number of dear old ladies who had flushed cheeks and became garrulous after

ON THE BALCONY *Topical*

Four dancers at the recent R.A.F. ball of the Felixstowe Seaplane Station, held at the Felix Hotel. The photograph shows: Miss M. Lowson (left), Squadron-Leader C. Rea, Flying Officer F. H. Bedford and Miss E. Evans

luncheon was surprising. At one time people who were, or thought they were, inclined to rheumatism rarely drank wine of any kind. They took whisky with their meals. Now, it is the turn of white wine. At most tables you never see red wine, and where it is served you are usually given the alternative: "Red or white wine, sir?"

Miss Sylvia Paget's Wedding

Miss Sylvia Paget is not following her younger sister Lady Glenconner's precedent of last autumn in having her wedding at Wells Cathedral. She will be married to Mr. C. J. Chancellor in the village church at Cranmore, close to her father's house, Cranmore Hall, in Somerset. Nor will there be a great gathering of guests from London as there was for the Glenconner wedding. Instead, the bride's mother, Lady Muriel Paget, is giving a reception two days before the

Sport and General

A HIGHLAND GATHERING

A group photographed at the recent ball of the Colquhouns of Luss, held at Luss Hall. The Chieftain, Sir Iain Colquhoun, is seen in the centre foreground

wedding, at Susan Duchess of Somerset's house in Grosvenor Square. For the Glenconner wedding Lady Muriel reversed the process, sending out invitations for a party to meet the bridal couple on their return from their honeymoon. But this party had to be abandoned owing to the death of Queen Alexandra, after having been postponed because of the death of a relation of Lord Glenconner.

Rather Puzzling

Speaking of weddings a friend of mine, one of whose relatives has just married, tells me an odd thing about Scottish law. The bride and bridegroom are both Scottish. In the marriage settlements the bride's father gave his daughter the income of a certain sum of money. If she is divorced this income goes to her husband—not by the terms of the settlement, but because in Scottish law she does not exist as his wife, and so far as anything touching her status as a wife is concerned she is dead. Yet if the husband dies—that is, of course, after the divorce—the income of the money goes back to her. I confess it puzzles me, but perhaps it is an old Scottish plan for keeping wives in the paths of marital fidelity.

News Illus.

A BRIGHTON BALL

A photograph taken at the Brighton Beagles Hunt Ball recently held at the Hotel Metropole. The group shows: standing—Mr. Warter House (left), Mr. Victor Knolls and Mr. D. Longworth-Dames. Seated—Miss Knolls (left), Mrs. Knolls and Miss Wash

Silencing Gossip

By DAVID SHARP

"THERE'S no help for it," said William, gazing gloomily into the fire, "we shall have to get married."

"Has it come to that?" she asked. "Must we really——?"

"We must," he said, sadly but firmly. "We have been together on the golf links every day for over a week now; we have been round as often as three times in one day. People are beginning to Talk."

"I don't think we ought to expect everyone to behave like deaf mutes just because we play golf," she expostulated gently. "The public, I know, is inconsiderate, but at the same time—— Anyway, *do* tell me what they are saying."

"How can I blast the delicate ears of a woman with the foul talk of a Golf Club Tea Room? There is only one way to stop it. You must marry me."

"But I can't. No nice girl marries a man to whom she is not engaged."

"I know," said William, sadly. "No nice man marries a girl to whom he is not engaged. But I must think of my position—and of yours," he added in a generous parenthesis. "What I say is: Why aren't we engaged?"

"Perhaps because you have never proposed to me," she suggested.

"Haven't I? I thought—last Tuesday—at the ninth tee, I said . . . But no matter."

"You generally say lots of things at the ninth tee, just after your drive; things that I hold and will always hold as sacred as any proposal. But your words . . ."

"Yes; don't repeat them," said William hastily. "It may not have been the ninth tee; or perhaps it wasn't Tuesday. And, anyway, I will not shoulder all the blame for this catastrophe. *You* have never proposed to *me*."

"Guilty m'lud; but, as I was telling y'honour, I've a wife and ten starving children at home all under four, and I throw myself on the mercy of the court."

"What you need, woman, is another husband. A perfectly new one. We will send the ten dear little children to Dr. Barnardo and start afresh in a country where there are equal opportunities for all. How about St. Andrews? The links there have a good name, I'm told. On our honeymoon . . ."

"But have we really settled about getting married?" she asked.

"It is only a question of the date," said William.

* * *

"Now that we are properly engaged," she said, "couldn't you tell me what it was People Talked About?"

"They said," said William, "that your mashie shots were better than mine—an intolerable position for a man unless the lady in question happens to be his wife. Then, of course, the credit is his."

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES

By ANDREW MACLAREN, M.P.

THE TRIALS OF REGINALD POTTS, MEMBER FOR NODDLEBANK

No. 3.—Rendered Speechless

A BOOK, A PLAY AND A MAN OF TO-DAY

BY REGINALD ARKELL

ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

"MASTERSON."
(By Gilbert Frankau.)

HERE'S a best seller,
A screamer! A yeller!
Hailed a best seller
Before it was told.
Filled with the sort of stuff
Gilbert thinks good enough;
Sold in its thousands
Before it was sold.

Bookstalls are piled with it;
Highbrows are wild with it;
See how the sales and superlatives soar!
Arlen is out of it,
There is no doubt of it.
Nothing has ever been written before.

Sold for the selling!
Sold for the telling!
Frankau's great Masterpiece none can surpass.
Masterson! Masterson!
MASTERSON! MASTERSON!
Soars to the skies on a bubble of brass

Gilbert has just begun
Writing another one,
Better than "Masterson,"
Better than all.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us—
God save us all!

THE ARCHDEACON OF EGYPT.
(Who said that threepenny-bits were minted for church offertories.)

A CURATE who
Was entirely new,
Once stood at a vestry door,
And murmured: "It
Is a threepenny-bit.
I've never seen one before!"

The vicar's smile
As he crossed the aisle,
Was sour as the salt sea brine:
"It may be new
To the likes of you—
'Tis a very old friend of mine!"

"THE UNFAIR SEX."

"TINKERTY-TONK!"
Young Harvey Vane—
An A1 chap
With a C3 brain—
Is the sort of lad
Who takes a drink
And likes to think
He has gone to the bad.
And I ought to explain
That Harvey Vane
Has "Tinkerty-Tonk" upon the brain.

"Tinkerty-Tonk!"
Miss Joan Delisse
Is the bright young soul
Of this bright young piece.
Equally neat
In her Eton crop
On a pillion seat,
At a midnight hop,
Or when she's flirting
With Harvey Vane—
So let's say "Tinkerty-Tonk" again.

"Tinkerty-Tonk!"
A married pair,
Geoffrey and Di
Are also there.
Geoffrey flirts
For a while with Joan,
And Di claims Harvey Vane
For her own.
Nothing unpleasant
Or underhand.
Strictly platonic,
You understand.
But, oh, the trouble!
And, oh, the tears!

The funniest play
We've had for years!

The Riviera Week by Week

ON SOME SUNNY DAY *G. P. U.*

A photograph from Cannes which shows how pleasant the morning cocktail hour can be when enjoyed in the bright Riviera sunshine on the famous La Potiniére.

A WHOLE week of delightful weather has helped us to forget the really unpleasant cold spell which so completely upset the members of the local *Syndicats d'Initiative* during January, and the days are now quite as they should be in mid-winter, that is, brilliantly sunny, with a fresh bracing air, rather like champagne, but less expensive as a tonic. All along the coast one sees enormous crowds on the promenades at the various resorts, basking in the sunshine all day long in basket chairs, and listening to the bands playing, when there are bands to listen to. Sea-bathing goes on merrily, which is the best proof that the boom in real estate on the Riviera is not a passing fancy, but is based on the exceptional climate, which is the greatest asset of this favoured region, and a permanent asset which will always have its value.

THE Nice Races, which have been a huge success, ended with a wet day, but the attendance was remarkable all the same. The Cannes meeting begins with every prospect of establishing a new record. The prize money amounts to over three-quarters of a million francs, and all the famous Continental stables will be represented. The first races were on January 27, and the ten days' racing is spread over three weeks, the chief event being the Grand Prix Auguste Merle, on February 14, of the value of 125,000 francs. By that date the racecourse at Mandelieu will be surrounded by a forest of mimosa in full bloom, always a magnificent sight.

THE mimosa is blooming late this year—this was not written with the intention of being vulgar!—and the *Comité des Fêtes* have therefore decided that the first Battle of Flowers at Cannes, which takes the form of a Mimosa Fête, should be postponed until February 18, when there is certain to be an unlimited supply for the decoration of the whole town with golden blossom. Hotel accommodation is already becoming very scarce, so anyone thinking of coming late would do well to enlist the help of friends already on the Riviera in their search for rooms.

SIR CECIL and Lady Lowther are coming to stay with General Sir Arthur Paget at the Villa Val Belle, and Mrs. Bruce, whose husband was with the last Scott expedition to the South Pole, is on a visit to her parents, Sir Jesse and Lady Boot, at Springland. Another member of that Antarctic expedition was Colonel Cecil Meares, who left Cannes last summer with Mrs. Meares for a trip around the world, and they are due back in Cannes next week. Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Neville Gladstone, and the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Lubbock have reserved rooms at the Hotel des Anglais. Mr. Sydney Beer, whose horse Diomedes is famous in the racing world, is at the Carlton, where he recently gave a supper-party and dance to over seventy guests, who "made a night of it" with much zest.

L. N. A.

A RIVIERA WEDDING

M. de Vilmorin leaving the private chapel of the Chateau Bellet, which is situated at the peak of one of the Alpes Maritimes, near Nice, with his bride, formerly Mlle. Pauline de Bellet. Mme. de Vilmorin, who was three times lady golf champion of France, is a cousin of Lord Gladstone

C. N. Daly

LAWN TENNIS FOLK

A quartette of lawn tennis enthusiasts photographed on the courts at Cannes before a set of mixed doubles. The group shows Mr. R. James (left), Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Creasy and Lord Roundway

THE motor rally at Monte Carlo went off splendidly, and the arrival of thirty motor cars from all points of the compass, covered with mud and spare tyres, proved extremely interesting and livened up the Principality considerably. British visitors were enthusiastic over the wonderful performance of the Hon. Victor Bruce, who arrived from John o' Groats on his six-cylinder A.C. with a punctuality which was little short of amazing in view of the 1600 miles he had covered through snowdrifts and every kind of bad weather. It was a triumph for man and machine, and he well earned the first prize which was awarded to him. I hear Mr. S. F. Edge, who is head of the A.C. manufactory, is probably visiting the Riviera soon for a rest-cure, and another notability in the motor world is Colonel Hacking, D.S.O., secretary of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, who is already here, holiday-making at Beaulieu.

(*Continued on page 246.*)

Winter Sports in the South

A children's luge race on the rink

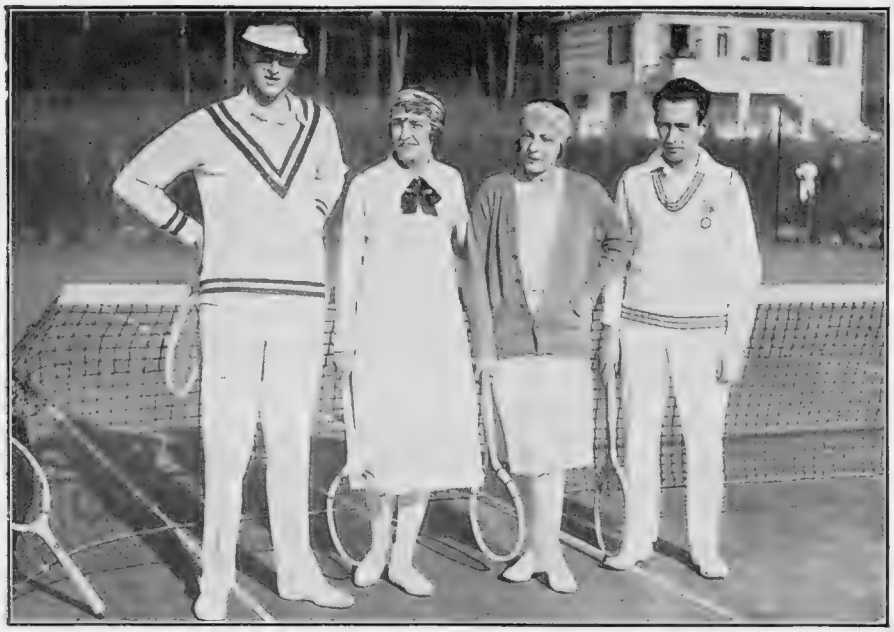
The call of the ski is as insistent as ever in the Pyrenees

Practising her edges

"After You!"

Sunshine and Ice

Some impressions of Font-Romeu, set high up among the Pyrenees, where the visitors to the southern borders of France indulge in winter sports with the same zest as in the centres further north



FAITES VOS JEUX! *Topical*

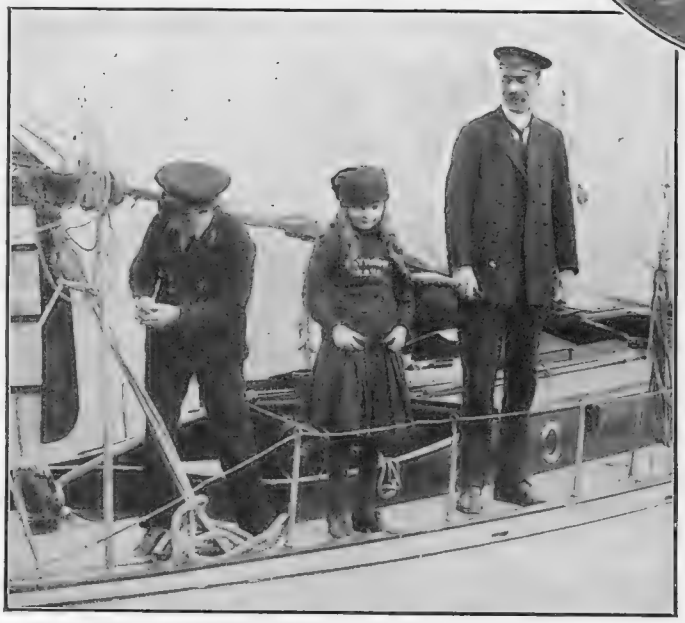
Lord Hope (left), Miss Petchee, Mlle. Lenglen and M. Cochet on the Courts at Cannes. The photograph shows them making ready to respond to the call heard at other places on the Riviera

GENERAL DE TINAN, the officer commanding the fortified section of the Alpes Maritimes—visitors, by the way, can never understand why so eminently peaceful a region should be fortified at all—gave a pleasant little luncheon at Beaulieu in honour of General Sir George Milne, G.O.C., Eastern Command, the other guests including Miss Milne and Sir Henry and Lady Cunynghame; and another cheery social function here was the dinner-party in celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. John Shepherd, who are visitors from Reading. Everyone, not only in Beaulieu, where he lives, but all along the coast, is glad to hear that the Duke of Connaught is now much better and able to go out again.

SIR WILLIAM and Lady Byrne had a big party for a *thé-dansant* at the Grand Hotel at Monte Carlo, over eighty friends turning up. Among them were General Sir Herbert and Lady Mansfield, Lady Eardley Wilmot, Lady de Bathe, Sir Walter and Lady Becker, Lady Tennant, Sir William and Lady Yarworth-Jones, Sir John and Lady Pretyman-Newman, Lady Rothband, Colonel and Mrs. Argles, Mrs. Chunn, Mr. Leopold Straus, Mr. and Mrs. Ralli, and the Marquis de Bucy.

SIR JOSEPH RIDGEWAY, General Sir William and Lady Hutchinson, and Sir Victor and Lady Warrender are among recent arrivals in the Principality. The Cortot recitals have been great successes, and others who are coming soon to appear on the Riviera include Heifetz and Mr. Herbert Collings, the conjurer *de luxe*, as someone has called him, who will give a series of entertainments along the coast in aid of the Waifs and Strays Society. Lady Ludlow and Mr. T. P. O'Connor have also arrived.

SIR ALBERT BALL, several times Mayor of Nottingham, and father of the brilliant young aviator who achieved so great a reputation in the War, is at the Hotel des Anglais at Menton with Lady Ball, and Sir Charles and Lady Kenderdine and Lady Chambers are at the Winter Palace, and Sir William and Lady Mitchell Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Beatty, the Bishop of Gibraltar, and Dr. Saleeby, the noted writer on health subjects, are expected in Menton in the near future.



G. P. U.

HOIST AWAY

Capt. Rumbold with his little son and daughter photographed aboard the "Lily Maid III." They voyaged on her from England by way of the French canals

The first Battle of Flowers takes place on February 9, and the Carnival follows two days later, with processions on the 14th and on Shrove Tuesday. It is, of course, on a smaller scale than the great Carnival at Nice, which is world-famed and unique, but is usually a very jolly affair. In Nice the main thoroughfares are ablaze with decorations, the Avenue de la Victoire being strikingly effective with its countless arches of flames and its miles of electric lights from tree to tree. There are hundreds of red devils, also outlined in electric lights, suspended amongst the higher branches of the giant planes, while the Place Masséna is a wonderful sight. The Nice golf course is crowded daily, and Mr. Spencer Batchelor, the well-known English solicitor who is so prominent and valuable a member of the colony here, has achieved fame by his hole in one the other day. Before Lord and Lady Birkenhead left for England they were invited, together with Lord Beaverbrook, Mr. Frederic Lonsdale, and other friends, to see a private exhibition of Mr. Rex Ingram's latest film, locally

G. P. U.

ALL ABOARD

Mrs. S. Joel (left), Miss Eileen Joel, the Duchesse de Laurine and the Duc de Laurine aboard the "Eileen," Mr. S. Joel's yacht

produced, "Mare Nostrum," and they are said to have been most enthusiastic about its merits.

AT the Golf Hotel at Hyères the guests include the Duke of Hamilton, Lord David Douglas-Hamilton, Sir Gifford Fox, and Lady Taylor. The golf club is unusually active just now, and many competitions are taking place weekly. Another sport which is providing much amusement in Hyères, alone of all the Riviera towns, is that of skittles, which has been revived at the Beau-Séjour, and competitions are arranged for prizes and have proved most popular. Life here is not so much "beer and skittles" as "wine and skittles," for Hyères is on the edge of a great wine-producing country, and the cellars of our local hostelries are filled with fine vintages.

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

A Good Show

BY WILMOT LUNT

" I dropped into the Frivolity the other evening."
" Yes — anything on ? "
" Oh — nothing much ! "

THE MADRAS HOUSE AT THE AMBASSADORS

Revived November 30, 1925.

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

IT is some years since I first saw this most interesting comedy, which is of a sufficiently high merit to justify its periodical revival. The damaging fact that its author is neither Russian nor Norwegian may perhaps prevent the play from being in favour with the high-brow producing societies; but as a typical English play it has the advantage over its Norse or Slav competitors that its characters are nearly all quite sane. It is true that the tremendous sanity of the Victorian era is now regarded as mild imbecility, but then, education in those days was not so extremely cheap as it is to-day. The comedy opens at a period when it was considered a great privilege to be able to see from the outskirts of London the Crystal Palace from your back windows; and the author plays upon this amiable weakness to the full. Nowadays, of course, residents on the Surrey hills more remote from London, are given to deplore the fact that every panoramic view of the county to the north is marred by the glassy eyes of this spectre of a bygone glory.

A COURT OF ENQUIRY *Stage Photo Co.*

Marion Yates (Miss Doris Lytton) spends an uncomfortable time while her little lapse is discussed by Philip Madras (Nicholas Hannen) and Miss Chancellor (Miss Agnes Thomas)

THE action of the play is of the slightest. Such drama as it deals with has been enacted before the curtain rises, and we see only a leisurely attempt to sweep up the pieces, as it were. Most of the time is occupied by the development of the characters and their views of life, it being left to us to infer that as a man believes so he will act. We begin with Mr. Huxtable, the prosperous linen-draper, and his six unmarried daughters, who are characteristic representatives of the unaffected simplicity which even at that time was little more than refined vulgarity. The chief incident in the first act is the mention of the deplorable fact that one of the shop girls in the soft goods department, or thereabouts, has loved and—lost. She is, in short, about to become a mother, as so many green and trustful girls have been before her. It is, of course, necessary that an example shall be made of the sinful creature, because with six unmarried daughters in your family, you can't allow more enterprising girls to lure young men away by offering them a higher price for their patronage.

THE second act is occupied almost entirely by a close investigation into the regrettable lapse of Marion Yates, the girl in the case. The first thing the firm desire to learn is the name of the father of the child, who will then be promptly discharged as an awful example. There is some amusing talk about this tragedy being the direct result of the living-in system that was prevalent many years ago when young people lived over the shop, as the phrase goes, and, it would seem, occasionally got their dormitory numbers mixed up, just as if they were visitors to a fashionable Spa. But nowadays, as has been happily remarked, living-in is dying out. The enquiry is conducted by Mr. Philip Madras, the representative of his house, while the elderly and austere Miss Chancellor, who is supposed to be responsible for the morals of the staff, acts as chaperon to the proceedings. Marion Yates absolutely refuses to give the name of the father of her child; but Miss Chancellor is less reticent. She once caught one of the employees, Mr. Brigstock, an anæmic-looking young man, kissing Marion Yates, and that, of course, puts the fellow's guilt beyond the shadow of a doubt.

THE part of Miss Chancellor is most amusingly played by Miss Agnes Thomas, long famous for her portraiture of acrid females. Miss Chancellor, not having had the chance of marriage, claims, nevertheless, to have a comprehensive knowledge of men and their ways; it being an amiable weakness of us all that we usually prove most voluble when we are least instructed.

IT so happens that the weedy Mr. Brigstock, the accused man, has been married for some time without the knowledge of the house, and he brings his wife to the enquiry to hear Marion's stout denial that he is the guilty partner of her shame.

Further, Mr. Brigstock swears by Holy Writ that he didn't do it, and to do him justice he doesn't look as if he could.

THE third act brings us to a formal meeting of the directors of The Madras House, which is about to be sold to an American investor, Mr. Eustace P. State, a part admirably presented by Mr. Claude Rains. Mr. Rains appears only in this act of the play, a disadvantage that we share sympathetically with him. But while he is on the stage the other characters about him hardly seem to exist. Next in interest to the American speculator is Mr. Allan Jeayes, as Constantine Madras, the head of the house, who has left his lawful wife and embraced the Mohammedan religion, chiefly, it would seem, because polygamy is his favourite hobby, and he has therefore embraced his new faith with all the traditional ardour of the neophyte. He has hurried to London from the East because he felt bound to attend the meeting, but we gather that he feels more at home in some Scented Garden in the fair land of Araby. The conversation, all of it unconventional and brilliant, is interrupted at one point by an exhibition of lovely mannequins, who are put through their paces by the mincing dress designer, whose falsetto voice inevitably suggests that he too is qualified for a certain kind of an Oriental functionary.

A GOOD deal of the entertaining talk here ranges round the old ding-dong controversy as to the advantages of polygamy over what may be termed the European Cocotterie system, as to which, of course, we may keep open minds and still be regarded as respectable. When the very well-regulated family man, Mr. Huxtable, protests against Mr. Madras's liberal views, that unrepentant gentleman retorts that it would be surely a very great advantage if some kind gentleman would come along from the East and marry the Misses Huxtable—all six of them. Of course, as orthodox people, we are shocked at such a

we
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times
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instanc
where ab
of this scen
in front of
duced a com
her vanity-bag
passed it furtive
twice through her
bobbed hair. And,
as old-fashioned
people are well
aware, that sort of
thing, so common at
the theatre to-day,
was not done in *our*
time.

IN the last act Mr. Constantine Madras pays a

Th
an
Madras and
they ought to
fireworks that const
very ably handled by M
and Miss Cathleen Nesbit,
does not seem to add anything
tages of the play. Still, *The M*
is a comedy of high quality th
among us to-day, and its revival
welcome. JIN

But all day they rehearse
That infernal " free " verse,
Which causes delirium tremens!

4.

There's one, once a keen politician,
Who held a much-envied position;
But his poor brain gave way,
Hearing Jack Jones all day,
ack cheap jokes without intermission!

5.

ere's an actress who once thrilled the stalls
f our popular Musical Halls;
But one night she succumbed,
And her maid became numbed,
Cos a rival took her curtain calls!

6.

We've a coal merchant, too—it appears
After many laborious years,
He discovered, too late,
He'd been giving full weight;
Now he just sits and sheds " profit tears! "

. . . . .

us, lived at

s who're absolute

e as did good Mrs.

PEOPLE cannot be too careful when they are choosing the name of a house. We have just read of a distressing case where the owner named his villa, " The Nutshell." Now for miles around small boys every day call to enquire whether the Colonel is in.

. . . .

IT is curious to note how many popular phrases golf is responsible for. Look at this little lot :—

(*a*) A slice of life!
(*b*) Rough luck!
(*c*) A long pull!
(*d*) On the fairway to success!
(*e*) Slinging one's hook!
(*f*) Is there any green in my eye?
(*g*) Stay put!

. . . .

" FIVE! " shouted the little man with the rudder lines, " you're asleep."

" Sleep! " growled Five. " Not while I can hear the crowing of the cox! "

. . . .

WE wish that the B.B.C. would broadcast some good topical song with some such title as, " When Father Knox the stuffing out of them! "

. . . .

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT :—Yes, we have read all about " Alice in Sunderland "; but we cannot tell you whether Alice threw the cooking class into fits.

have shone;
m begone—
o!

. . .

H of Shaw's plays do
er? " asked her *fiancé*.
Arms and the Man,'
," she replied softly as
snuggled a bit closer.

. . . .

THE other day in a modest restaurant we observed a waiter upset a plate of hash over an unfortunate customer. The latter was in no end of a stew.

. . . .

SOME men are notoriously absent-minded, but we have rarely come across such a glaring instance as that of the man who kissed his wife without first removing the cigar from his mouth!

BY ARTHUR FERRIER

THE REPTILE!

" What kind of a snake is it, Miss? "

Nearly a Song "Hit"

BY CHLOÉ PRESTON

"MY SWISS MISS MISSES ME"

AT CLOSE QUARTERS IN

Our artist's impression of a tussle in the famous bull-ring at San Sebastian. The bull has forced the matador's luckless steed up agai

N THE BULL-RING

BY BLAM

inst the side of the arena, nearly unseating the rider, who has planted a shrewd blow in the animal's neck. Meanwhile the
ompanion's assistance should he be in serious danger.

THE STONE-Y AGE FOR HUSBANDS

A dress parade of prehistoric days

BY LAURIE TAYLER

A STUDY FROM LIFE

By OWEN OLIVER *Illustrated by MORSE*

REGINALD HAMPSTEAD had played Sir Jacob Olympus five hundred and eighty-seven times when the run of *The Magnate* ended. Before he became the hero in *Uncle Good* he asked his leading lady to accompany him to the seaside for a fortnight. Don't prick up your ears for an improper story. She was his wife, though she appeared on the bills as Wilhelmina Parr, and he called her Billy.

"I'm going to play on the sands, and reconstruct myself from juvenility upwards," he stated. "Your characters colour you; and Jacob Olympus mustn't colour Fusley Good."

"Mind that Hampstead doesn't," the comely lady warned him.

"Trust your wife to hit you on the weak spot," he grunted. (Some critics said that Hampstead's characters were all the same Hampstead.) "I can't help having an individuality; and how the deuce am I to get rid of it?"

"Try to borrow a few wheezes from real life, dear boy," she advised.

"That's all very well, Billy," he protested; "but real lifers are dam' uninteresting. Even when they make fools of themselves they don't do it suitably for the stage. Look around you and behold real life."

He made a circular sweep with his hand to take in the assembly in the dining-room of Sea Cliff Hotel.

"How about that little man just coming in?" Billy enquired.

"Little? He's as big as I, if he didn't stoop."

"Exactly. He's a big man who's learnt how to look little. You haven't! He sits at the table in the little bay window; opposite the weedless widow with dyed hair. He's tried to be an actor in his youth, I'd say. Watch him walk. One—two—three—four. Head to right. Puts his specs. up. They're too loose. One—two—three—four. Head to left. Puts his specs. up again. Still too loose. One—two—bows to widow. Specs nearly off that time. . . Behold Fusley Good! . . . See him pull up his trews before he sits down?"

"That's old business," Hampstead declared; "but I might try the loose spectacle stunt. . . . . See him pass the menu to the weedless one? He works to slow music; talks to it. I heard him in the smoking room last night. Possibly swallowed a musical box when young. . . Have an appetiser, old dear?"

"There goes the usual Reginald Hampstead! Fusley Good doesn't take appetisers. However, I don't mind if I do."

"The usual Mrs. Hampstead. You can't escape from your shadow, my dear! . . . But this time I'm going to have a shot at it. I shall make friends with the automatic Brown — that's his name — and study Fusley Good from life."

He talked to him for an hour and a quarter that evening.

"I'm getting him," he reported, when he and Mrs. H. retired to their room for the night. "See me walk . . . Business with spectacles. Business with whisky and soda. Give me the glass from the bottle. . . Don't put water in it. Stop, Billy. That's a mean trick! However, I suppose it won't kill me. I'll drink it. One — two — three—four. . . See me listen to a smoking-room story." He clasped his hands with the little fingers joined at the tips, and the thumbs tapping each other. . . . "He-he! . . . Really, really! . . . He, he, he! . . . You're a one, Mr. Hampstead; a one!"

"You've got him, Reg," Mrs. Hampstead cried. "*Got* him! Except that he has a limp; left leg."

"That's an accident," Hampstead observed, "not part of the essential Uncle Fusley. I thought I wouldn't take off the chap's physical defect. He might come and see the play, you know. Slurs his r's too. I'm leaving that out for the same reason."

"There's part of Hampstead you can't leave out," his wife remarked.

"What's that?"

"Oh—He's rather a nice old thing!"

"Umph! In everything else, Billy, I'm going to do him to the life. You'll see."

The next evening at bedtime, he gave Mr. Brown reading the newspaper, and ceremoniously turning the sheets; Mr. Brown playing catch with the widow's child, taking the ball, or dropping it. Like a wooden-limbed figure; Mr. Brown adjusting the widow's

"He asked his leading lady to accompany him to the seaside"—

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

chair (and pinching his finger) to slow music. Billy hummed one—two—three—four to make the *encore* more rhythmical.

The following evening it had rained and reduced them to indoor amusements. When the Hampsteads retired, he gave Brown playing parlour games, and Brown singing a little song to the widow's accompaniment. Mrs. Hampstead accompanied upon the dressing-table. She laid her head upon it in a paroxysm of laughter at the conclusion.

"You've got Augustus Brown all right, old man," she said; "but I'm afraid he won't do all of Fusley Good for you. You see, Good is a nice, kind old fusser; and there's that touch of sentiment in him. The song he sings at the beginning of the last act is almost sob stuff; the more sobby the worse he sings it perhaps. I'm afraid you'll sing it too well . . . I say! Couldn't we get Brown to try it over? We needn't tell him it's an unpublished thing out of a play. He doesn't know you're an actor, does he?"

"How should he?" Hampstead asked. "We haven't mentioned it to a soul here; and he says that he doesn't go to the theatres much nowadays and muttered something about 'abandoned aspirations.' I expect your guess was right. He tried the stage in his giddy youth! . . . If I could only catch him on the giddy——!"

"Never mind that," Mrs. Hampstead said. "You catch him singing Fusley Good's song. We'll work him up to it next time it rains."

It rained the next afternoon but one; and Mrs. Hampstead prevailed upon Mr. Brown to sing over a little song that a friend had sent her in MS. That evening, when they went to bed, Hampstead sang it softly, according to Brown.

THE LOST LAND.

There is a river runs away
Among the woods. I used to sit,
A child beside a child, and say
When I grew up I'd follow it,
And sail by day and sail by night,
To find the Land of Dear Delight.

"Miriam! . . . Miriam! . . ."

Unchanged the river takes its way
Among the woods; but now I sit
Alone . . . Alone for many a day . . .
For far from her I followed it,
To learn—the wisdom of grey hair!—
The Land of Dear Delight was *there!*

Mrs. Hampstead tapped the accompaniment on the dressing-table at the start, but gradually ceased; turned and listened with caught breath . . . and a look rather like the look which a mother gives to her children's performances. . . .

'Sometimes, Reg," she said, "you're almost wonderful. That song will fetch out all the hankies." She made a dab at her eyes with her own. "Did *you* by any chance, leave a girl behind?"

"No," he said; "found her touring in *Lady Jane's Husband*. Lady Jane's saucy maid; and didn't need to study life for the part!"

"Didn't she? . . . Now she's climbed up to Lady Jane's; holding on to your tail. *I* know how I did it. You *are* a great actor, Reg, though I tell you you're not. The 'touch' in that toshy old song is you, not Brown. It isn't in him."

"Oh, I don't know, Billy. I daresay I've improved on him a bit; but he's the setting that shows the stone off . . . I've *got* him now. I believe I could make up so that his own mother wouldn't know me from him."

"Or his wife," she added. "If he has one."

"He has," her husband told her. "That's the tragedy of the old comic; well, half of it. The other half is that he wanted to be an actor, and failed. Then he tried to be a mimic and failed at that; naturally. A man who's all mannerisms, and can't get rid of them, can't imitate other people. The first thing an actor must do, is to——"

"Yes, yes!" she interrupted, impatiently. "You keep that for a lecture at the League of Arts! Tell me about the wifely tragedy."

"Well . . . I saw that the song had stirred up memories, and drew the old chap on a bit. It seemed playing it rather low; but I wanted copy for the last scene, when Fusley Good tells the story of his life to Cousin Miriam . . . I got the copy. Poor old devil! . . . He met a girl abroad. His ship was sailing in a few days. So they got married there and then. The ship ran into something in a storm. His wife was sent off in the first boat for women. They didn't reach the men——"

"I wouldn't have gone without you," Mrs. Hampstead interrupted.

"You'd have been bundled in like she was. He says she tore his sleeve holding to him, and he's kept the torn coat; pyjama coat. It was at night . . . The ship went down and he was bundled into the water. He was picked up, clinging to some wreckage, by a ship going East. Long afterwards he found out that the boat was picked up by a ship going West. He's advertised; and he's found three-year-old adverts of hers too late; never succeeded in finding her. 'So, you see, even an ordinary, humdrum, rather stupid little life like mine may have its tragedy. Perhaps it makes it a little bigger than it might have been. . . .' If Wrayson won't put that in I shall stick it in as a gag. I'm Fusley Good for the whole play now; a study from life."

"Except the limp and the r's," Mrs. Hampstead observed.

"They aren't the man, Billy; only the—the—they don't matter. Besides leaving them out may keep him from recognising himself. If he should come

(Continued on page 258)

In Fine Feather

Anna Fey and Tom Caisser, who will shortly be seen at the Empress Rooms, Kensington, in their original dances. They have made a great name for themselves on the Continent

to the theatre that is. However, I gather that he isn't likely to."

"He's likely to come to you and kick up a jolly row, if he does!" said Mrs. Hampstead.

"He won't recognise himself," Hampstead declared. "A man never knows himself as a funny old fusser. If you dare say that his wife does, Billy, I'll shake the life out of you."

"I wasn't laughing at that," she denied. "I was thinking how we'll feel if we see him sitting in the stalls some night. It will make the first night more terrifying even than usual."

. . . . .

The first night of *Uncle Good* did not present unusual terrors. Everything went off well, and the audience was enthusiastic; almost wildly enthusiastic, over the final scene when poor old Fusley, robbed and deserted by those whom he has benefited, tells the story of his life to wealthy Cousin Miriam, whom he has always secretly loved. He leaves out the name of the woman whom he has worshipped, and does not dream that she will suspect that she is the one.

"So you see, Miriam, even an ordinary humdrum, rather stupid little life like mine may have its tragedy. . . . Perhaps it makes it a little greater than it might have been. . . ."

"Perhaps," Miriam says, "the tragedy is that it needn't have been a tragedy. Suppose that she cared for you, my dear . . . cares . . ."

"Miriam! . . . *Miriam!*"

"You didn't learn the way you said *that* from anyone, boy," Mrs. Hampstead—she, of course, was Miriam—muttered in her husband's arms.

"*Billy!*" he murmured.

"It has gone off splendidly," Mrs. Hampstead declared in the dressing-room. "Magnificently! It will run for years. We have something to thank old Brown for!"

"Yes," he agreed. "I'm glad I left out the limp and the r's. It made me less afraid to look round the house. I didn't see him, but in that crowd—what is it, Nolan?"

"There's a gent very obstinate about seeing you, sir!" the commissionaire announced. "A bit cracked, I should think, from what he's written on his card."

Hampstead read the card. His wife read it over his shoulder. She screamed, for the card bore the name of Augustus Brown, and underneath was pencilled:

Fusley Good. (Original.)

"Well, I'm damned," said Hampstead. . . . "Show the devil up, Nolan. . . . What am I going to say, Billy?"

"Talk his head off," said Mrs. Hampstead. "Brother artists. . . . Imitation the sincerest flattery. . . . If a hundred or two will keep him quiet, *pay it*. . . . Here he comes. . . . *Good*-evening, Mr. Brown. We——"

"Why not say 'Fusley Good'?" Mr. Brown suggested, blandly.

"He is a charming and kindly character," Hampstead said. "If I found a portion of him in real life, need you complain, Mr. Brown? You will have noticed that I carefully avoided imitating any little trait which might—er——"

"For example?" Mr. Brown said.

"Well—er—you have a slight—quite slight—limp."

"And," Mr. Brown observed, "I have a little difficulty with my 'r's.' Always had, since I was a child. I don't make w's of them; but something between the two. You've left out the limp and the r's."

"Exactly," Hampstead said. "Exactly!"

"Well," said Mr. Brown. "That's what I complain of!"

"Complain of!" Mr. and Mrs. Hampstead gasped together.

"Complain of," said Mr. Brown, firmly. "Of course, I knew you as the great actor, Mr. Hampstead; and I saw that you were using me as copy for a character part. I guessed the sort of part when you got me to sing that song; very pretty little song. So I gave you every opportunity; told you about the loss of my wife, so that you would see how I should speak about a great tragedy in my life. I wanted you to be a perfect copy of me upon the stage. So perhaps you'll introduce the limp and the r's. . . Notice how I say a few words. . . . Terrible . . Rotatory . . . Rights and wrongs. . . Got them? . . . Now I'll walk a bit. . . . I am being careful not to exaggerate my lameness. . . . Have you got it?"

"Yes," Hampstead agreed, "but——"

"Oh, Reg, you old owl!" Mrs. Hampstead cried, "don't you *see*? He wants you to be so like him on the stage that if his wife comes to see the show she'll think you *are* him—he, I mean. Then she'll communicate with you, and they'll trace each other. That's it, isn't it, Mr. Brown?"

"Not exactly, ma'am," Mr. Brown said, "because unfortunately my wife wasn't shipwrecked, and knows where to find me! You see I'm a mimic by profession—Artie Artless, assisted by Gertie Fair. That's the missus—but I'm not very good at imitating people, so I snapped at a chance to get one of our great artists to imitate *me!* If you'll put in that limp and those things that I can't leave out, sir, I'll get months on the best halls, doing Reginald Hampstead in *Uncle Good*, and Press notices that will blow me up to the top of the bills before the six months are over. For I'll do you to the life!"

Helen Foster

MISS ELIZABETH ARKELL

Who, having been released by Mr. Leon M. Lion from "No. 17," is appearing in "Blind Alley," the new play by Dorothy Brandon, at the Playhouse. Miss Arkell takes the strongly dramatic part of Millie Fry

Au Pays Basque

BY NICK

Some studies of the "eternal feminine" as seen near France's Spanish border

THE RUGGER WORLD

THE FRENCH IN IRELAND

By "PENDARVES"

FOR years and years have the Irish forwards put a great and abiding fear into the hearts of all those people who have been impulsive enough to bet against them in International Matches. Ireland has had lean, rugged years with weak sides, just as all the other countries have had periodically. But always has the fighting spirit of the Irishman been portrayed in the behaviour of her forwards in a Rugger match, and invariably have these eight men, whoever they may have been, come up to the scratch with wild cries of "Hoor-oosh"—"Begorra"—or whatever it is they shout in battle (we never can understand a word and are always too busy defending ourselves), and amidst the shouting and the curses—and the yells of delight from the spectators—have swept ball and men (and often the referee too) before them.

But, amazing as it was to see it, and difficult as it is to write clearly about it, when the French took the long trek from Paris to Belfast, we found an Irish Pack beaten by these same Frenchmen, and beaten to a standstill! It was almost unbelievable. One hates to be unkind to players when things have gone all wrong, but one must say that if the Irish forwards of 1926 play *that* sort of game against Scotland, England, or Wales, there will be a holocaust of the worst kind for them.

Excuses have been put up that Ireland was without two of their best men, Beamish and Browne, two very dashing young gentlemen. But two men don't make a pack—nor even four. That won't do. The Frenchmen, playing on an utterly strange ground, after a filthy journey and a particularly tiring one, played five times as well as the Irishmen. They won every scrum for three-fourths of the game. They were quicker in the loose, more resolute in the tight, handier at all the line-outs, faster at getting down to it, and they shoved Ireland off the ball with a dreary monotony.

France ought to have won. I honestly believe they would have won, and handsomely, if it had not been for their two cardinal faults, which you will, I fear, never remedy until you can change the French temperament. Those crimes are a tendency, through over-excitement, to get offside in their own 25, which usually results in a penalty goal against them; and a marked disability, also through over-excitement, to finish an attacking movement without losing their heads and chucking the whole thing away.

We had the spectacle, not once at Belfast but I suppose half-a-dozen times, of their three-quarter line in full blast, each man drawing the teeth of the opposition in the orthodox manner, travelling at great speed, their wing man just waiting, hands outstretched, to gallop over with it; when some damfool mistake would occur, and away would go all hope in a moment. Or, if not that, you would see a batch of French forwards going full out, the ball at their feet, and only the crouching Crawford, the last line of defence for Ireland, between them and a gift try. Then some nameless horror would hack the thing violently on, so that it would bounce neatly into the experienced and absolutely safe hands of Ireland's full-back, who at once found touch 30 yards behind them. It was maddening!

One cannot praise this French side too highly on that day's play. They have got some speed merchants who will make our flyers appear quite slow if we don't look out. There is a man called Revillon who is, as far as I can remember, quite the fastest runner on a Rugger field I have ever seen. He is not a very safe tackle, but makes up for this by flinging himself full length at his man, missing him, falling down, getting up, and *then catching him from behind!*

There was one occasion (and how the sporting Irish spectators loved it!) when D. J. Cussen, a pretty useful mover at all times, got clean away. He had passed France's full-back. There was nobody left. We picked up our pencils. Suddenly from a blur of players appeared Revillon, going like the Calais-Paris *Rapide*. From the pace he was moving Cussen appeared to be undertaking a jog-trot. He overhauls the Irishman and brings him down with a crash from behind. It must have been the shock of Cussen's life. Time and again this super-runner saved the French line by sheer speed and a snatching pair of hands; most invigorating for everyone, except the man with the ball!

Considering that the entire French three-quarters' line was new to international football, their performance on that day was most praiseworthy. France came on to the ground with six last-minute changes in the team. Du Manoir, in my view the cleverest stand-off half at present playing the Rugby game in Europe, was absent. They were, in fact, a scratch side; and one cannot but admire the way these French teams stick it out in the face of continual adversity, opposed, as they invariably are, by men with infinitely more experience of the big game than they have had.

Of the Irish team, except for G. V. Stephenson, who was splendid as usual, and W. E. Crawford, the less said the better. Unless they can find some forwards for February 13, it is long odds on England.

BY CHARLES AMBROSE

MAJOR GUY CAMPBELL

An impression of the curious finish adopted by Major Campbell on one of the rare occasions when he is short with an iron shot. He tries to urge his ball on to its mark by pushing the handle of his club out after it, what time he utters suitable words of encouragement. Major Campbell is now busy constructing a fine new golf course at Wimereux

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To Our Readers Abroad.

The Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of THE BYSTANDER in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

The rain it raineth ev'ry day
In floods that never ebb ;
So sing ho, ho, likewise, hey, hey
For the merry month of Feb.
July
Is dry
And May
(They say)
With rain is sometimes chary,
But out of doors it pours and pours
In Feb-feb-febru—ary.

I love the lilt of blackbird gay
In branches overhead,
And the cuckoo's note at break of day
That wakes me from my bed.
Hark, hark !
The lark
Gives tune
In June,
Like some sweet light-some fairy,
But the drip of rain on the window-pane
Is the song of Febru—ary.

I would I were a song-bird bright
Among the summer corn ;
I'd warble through each August night
And each September morn.
I'd en—
Vy a wren
Or (say)
A jay,
Mid summer breezes airy,
But I'd be in luck if I were a duck !—
In Feb-feb-febru—ary.

The States are dry, but you can bet
Your Wellington boots that we'll be wet
In Feb-feb-febru—ary.

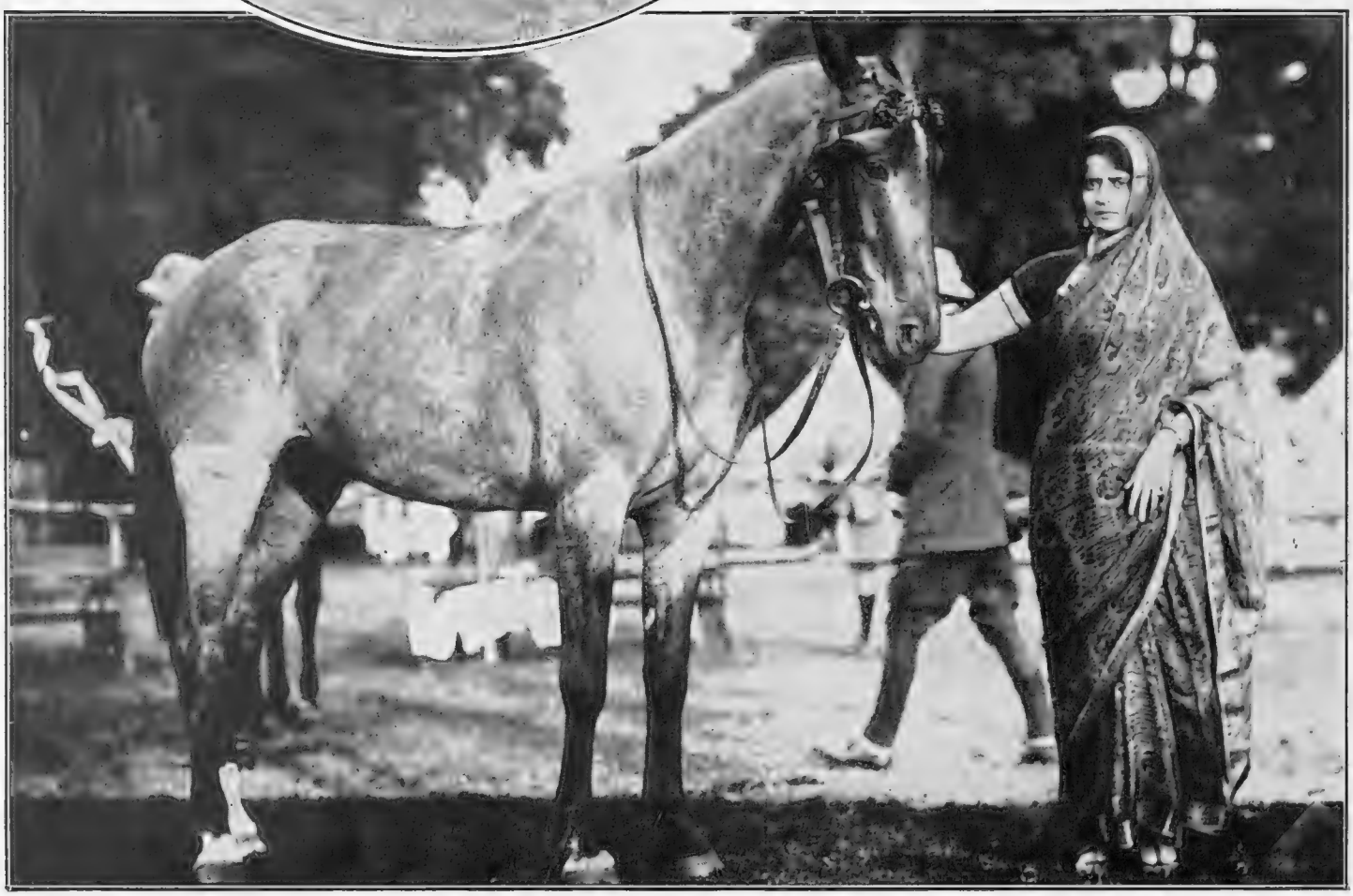
A.A.T.

SKETCHES BY LEO CHENEY

With the Horses in India

IN THE RING *Topical*

Lady Lytton putting one of her horses through its paces at the Tollygunge Horse Show at Calcutta. This year, the entries for the show beat all previous records



A CHAMPION IN THE PADDOCK *Topical*

The Maharanee of Cooch Behar, whose entrants won many awards at the Tollygunge Horse Show, photographed in the paddock with the horse which was adjudged to be the best in the show. Inset: Lady Currie on her mount "Wayward" which took first prize in the Ladies' Hack class

Off Duty at School and 'Varsity

HIMS OF EIGHT *Central Press*

The Oxford University "eight" photographed before going out for a trial spin in training for the 'Varsity Boat Race which takes place at the end of March. As at present constituted, the Oxford crew contains four Old Blues

WITH THE BEAGLES *Photo Illus.*

Mr. W. Hicks-Beach, the Master of the Eton Beagles. The photograph was taken at a meet recently held at the Sanatorium, Dorney Road

HARROW'S NEW CHIEF *Photopress*

Dr. Cyril Norwood, the new Headmaster of Harrow, photographed at the school on the opening of the Easter term.

In the Limelight

G. P. A.

MISS SHEILA DEXTER

A charming study of the clever young dancer who is appearing in "Turned Up" the new revue at the New Oxford Theatre. To judge from the formidable article of cutlery she is brandishing aloft, she might well be rehearsing for the famous Dagger Scene in "Macbeth." As a matter of fact, there is nothing of tragedy in this musical farcical comedy, which is one of the brightest shows in town.

The Call of Romance

By Blanchette *Illustrated By HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *February* 1.

DEAR COUSIN—

THE older the world gets the more romantic it seems to be—or should I say the more determined to be romantic? It was easy enough, I mean, I suppose, in the days of doublets and hose and ruffs and farthingales and such-like, and rapiers and duels and galloping cavaliers that nowadays we only see on the films. Only *they* probably didn't know they *were* being romantic, any more than Molière's *bourgeois gentilhomme* knew he was talking prose.

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BUT in this allegedly prosaic age how we do fall for the Call of Romance, not to say the least whisper of mystery! *E.g.* and *par exemple,* look at the treasure hunts that people keep on getting up to the South Seas and places, the expeditions for buried gold in Central America, or sunken doubloons off the coast of Spain, spite of all the warnings of wise greybeards who've been there (and lot's more who haven't) that there's no sich purse-on, so to speak (sorry).

"Hank-the-Mule in "Playtime at the Piccadilly""

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AND romance and mystery and mysticism's *the* great *motif,* too, apparently, of two of the newest plays I've just been seeing—though *such* different ones. Sir James Barrie's *Mary Rose,* for instance, as revived at the Haymarket, with beautiful Fay Compton once more as the ghost-heroine—no one quite knows what it's all about (p'raps not even the author), though it's all very vaguely lovely and mistily moving and eerie and weepy, especially as delightfully served up to us with the intriguing music of Mr. Norman O'Neill.

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JUST as in G.K.C.'s perfectly sweet and mad phantasy about anarchists and things, called *The Man Who Was Thursday,* that they put on at the Everyman the other day, there's no moral either, not so's you'd notice—but we laugh and laugh. And no one laughed heartier, the night I was there, than G.K.C. himself—expect *he* knows what it means, but am sure he'd never demean himself to tell us in mere ordinary *bourgeois* prose. But as all good Barrie-ites (and Chestertonians) will tell you, it's far far better to have laughed and lost the mere material points, if any, than never to have laughed (or cried) at all.

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IT's because of Romance, too, meseems, that we still love dressing-up, that so-called passing craze that everyone said was dead, but seems to have come so marvellously to life once more. Which reminds me, yet another of *the* great fancy-dress balls has been fixed since I wrote you last—the Chelsea Arts one, for March 3, with Egyptian settings this time for the old Alb. Hall and Mr. Howard Carter of Tut. fame to supervise. Whereat above all we are allowed, not to say inspired and encouraged, to dance romantically.

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COME to think of it, am rather inclined to believe it's only our determination to have that touch of romance that's saved our dancing too—which, likewise, not long ago some of the solemn prophets were loftily labelling a mere "passing craze." Dance teachers and purists and people'd have killed it, quite possibly, if only the world hadn't wisely revolted against their once-iron rule. "Half the comfortless and joyless dancing," some expert wrote somewhere the other day, "is due to lack of care and intelligence. . . ." But methinks, dear

"Careful and intelligent about their steps"

Cousin, it's just the people who are always being so careful and intelligent about their steps who wear that worried look. And if you want to see the World's Saddest Sight, just go and watch the dance experts themselves at it in one of their Championships and things. Oh, hell-p!

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BUT dancing *has* survived even this stern tyranny, thank Heaven, and yet another new temple thereof opened only last week, the Ambassador, to wit. And only our Judges now would appear to hold aloof therefrom (dancing, I mean)—anyway, one of them asked the other day, "What is a saxophone?" But that may have been only professional etiquette, what? And if all the managers of all the clubs and restaurants in London didn't promptly invite him to a supper-table near the band. . . . Well, they ought to have, that's all.

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"According to the farmers"

BUT talking of romance and mystery, what *could* be more romantic *and* mysterious than some of these February days just upon us, when there begin to peep out shyly and coyly the first faint hints of the year's re-birth—

Bare tracery of February trees,
Earth's miracle, startling and old, below. . . .
Hiding in flower-hearts' pure fragilities
One green thought of the Spring. . . .

Though according to the farmers and agriculturists and people, we ought to be fearfully cross if we get any fine weather in Feb., and positively pray for, above all things, snow.

All the months of the year
Curse a fair Februeer,

is one of the cheerful old saws they apparently croon to each other as they gather round the inglenook with their churchwardens and their pints of beer, bless their dear poetical romantic little hearts (so to speak).

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MEANWHILE, and spite of hopes that they may be utterly confounded, to put it Biblically, can't help feeling just a *little* tugging at the heartstrings at what someone writes me from Taormina. Spring's just got into its full stride here in Sicily (saith she), and the island's just a mass of almond blossom and the lemon trees a dream. And oh! the glorious sunshine we bask in as we gaze from the Greek Theatre at the blue, blue sea far below. But oh! too, the odcurs in the village streets. . . . Perhaps there are, after all, *some* consolations left for us who remain perforce here in England now.

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WHERE this week, too, starts in earnest the rolling of the drums that herald the opening of yet another

"Does make the threepences tick up"

new Season. For the King comes back to town to-day, and to-morrow M.P.'s meet again, to tell us all about how they're going to settle the coal trouble and economise everything all round, so that we'll get at least a farthing off the income-tax—I don't think. Though even if they get us cheaper taxis, as they're talking of doing, it'll be *something*—especially with the theatres once more in full blast again at last, after the Christmas orgy of pantos and ancient Aunts and Knights and Buttons and things. Seven first nights last week alone—it does make the threepences tick up, does not it?

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Playtime at the Piccadilly is going stronger than ever. The Girls, sixteen of them this time, are back again complete with new dresses of the "what was there, was good" variety. Furthermore, a perfectly good quadruped answering to the name of "Hank-the-Mule," trots around in a way which would make even the gloomiest of deans forget that we are all going to the bow-wows and so on. Some mule, Hank, believe me!

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

IN FASHIONABLE SOHO

Our artist's impression of a supper dance in progress at Kettner's in Church Street. At this famous restaurant, which has now regained the popularity which made it so established a success in the Edwardian period, no music takes place at lunch or dinner. It is only at supper-time that dancing and music, under Jack Hylton's conductorship, hold sway.

"Up Above the World So High"

D'Egville

Mr. C. E. N. Mackintosh brings off a spectacular jump in a recent ski-jumping competition at Mürren. He is the Captain of the British Universities Ski Team which this year won its first victory against the Swiss Universities

HUNTING NOTES

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

The Prince's Mishap

HUNTING people will sympathise with the Prince of Wales in being laid aside with a broken collar-bone at a time when hounds are running in good form. Last week was a decidedly unfortunate one for His Royal Highness. On Wednesday he had the melancholy experience of having one of his best mares die underneath him while he was out with the Belvoir. On the following afternoon, riding with the Fernie, he took a fall which was the cause of his injured collar-bone.

Topical

THE DISTAFF SIDE AT THE MEET

Lady Victoria Bullock (left), the Countess of Derby and Miss Ruth Primrose, at the recent meet of the Whaddon Chase at Wing. Miss Primrose is Lady Victoria Bullock's elder daughter

Poole, Waterford

AN IRISH MASTER

Mr. Ion Villiers Stuart, the Master of the West Waterford Hounds, with some prominent members of the pack. The season has been a very successful one for this Hunt

The accident means that he will miss good sport in the Shires for the next few weeks, though it is possible that he may not be robbed of the pleasure, to which he has been keenly looking forward, of riding in one or two point-to-point races at the end of the season. His keenness for hunt racing is well known. On the whole, he has pleasurable recollections of the various events "between the flags" in which he has taken part. He hopes to play a good deal of polo in the coming season. I do not suppose anybody has had a more varied experience of the galloping game than the Prince of Wales, whose tours abroad have enabled him to play upon a great number of different grounds. A few weeks ago I was talking with a polo friend from the Argentine, and he told me that the Prince's play in that country last year made a decidedly favourable impression.

In Warwickshire

I AM glad to see that some of the vacant Masterships are already being satisfactorily filled. This, however, does not apply to the Warwickshire. At the general meeting of the members of that Hunt a week or two ago it was

Poole, Waterford

DAUGHTERS OF THE MASTER

Miss Diana and Miss Pamela Brassey, photographed at a recent meet of the Limerick Hounds, of which their father, Capt. R. B. Brassey, is the Master

"THE THIN RED LINE" *Central Press*

A photograph taken of the field moving off at a recent meet of the Whaddon Chase, at Drayton Cross Roads

stated that only one application had been received in response to the advertisement for a new Master, and that was from a sportsman who stipulated that he should be allowed to hunt the hounds himself. This suggestion does not accord with the views of the Hunt Committee. A compromise has been effected by the temporary appointment of a committee of three to hunt the country. I believe this is a unique arrangement in the history of the pack, and it will be interesting to see how it works. It is hoped that in due course Mr. Walter Buckmaster will be prevailed upon to take over the sole Mastership of the pack. I do not know whether it will be possible to make the necessary financial arrangements, but it is certain that the majority of people in the country regard "Buck" as essentially the right man for the job. Happily, the recovery he has made from his very severe accident has been quite satisfactory, and when he returns from the sea voyage which he proposes to take shortly we hope to see him quite in his old form again. He has been sadly missed from the Warwickshire field during the past few weeks.

Hunt Changes.

ONE of the countries which has been fortunate enough to find a new M.F.H. is the North Herefordshire. The members of that Hunt have elected Mr. C. N. de Courcy Parry to succeed Majors R. J. and C. T. Jones. This appointment means that the Stainton Dale Hounds will require a new leader, that old-established Yorkshire pack having been taken over by Mr. Parry at the beginning of the present season. In the Ludlow country Major H. C. Meredith has been prevailed upon to fill the vacancy caused by the resignations of Mr. J. E. Charleton and Mr. G. E. Godson. He has been associated with the leadership of this pack in the West Midlands on a number of previous occasions, and followers and farmers alike will be glad to find him in the command once more. From Ireland comes the news that Sir Thomas Ainsworth has arranged to take over the Kildares next season. He has the advantage of having had three seasons' experience as joint Master of the Meath, while at the present time he is hunting the Galway Blazers. A number of other Irish countries are still looking around for leaders for next season.

A MEET AT BLENHEIM *Central Press*

Colonel Wingfield and his daughter, Jocelyn, who were out with the Heythrop when this pack met recently at Blenheim Palace, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

By "The Tout"

TOM LEADER

A caricature of the trainer of "Sprig" who has been installed favourite for the Grand National.

At Newbury

It is generally agreed that the jumping season so far has been one of the dullest on record. The broken weather has been mainly responsible for the slackness in National Hunt Sport. A welcome change occurred last week at Newbury, where the racing went with a regular swing on both afternoons. One of the most noteworthy performances at the meeting was the good effort which Old Tay Bridge made in the Winchester Steeplechase on the second afternoon. It was clear that this horse did not carry the real confidence of his stable. He was comparatively neglected in the market, and no doubt was believed to be in need of a gallop. In these circumstances Old Tay Bridge acquitted himself remarkably well, and he is sure to be one of the most discussed horses in connection with the Grand National. You will remember that he looked all over the winner of that race last year after jumping the last fence, but he died away on the flat.

Old Tay Bridge

The trouble with this horse is that he dislikes being in front. As soon as he gets to the head of the field he declines to put forward his best efforts. This makes him a most embarrassing customer to ride, but Jack Anthony understands him well. It is not absolutely certain that this jockey will ride him again in the Grand National, but Jack will be fortunate if he can find a better mount. Gerald L. disappointed those who looked upon him as something of a certainty for the Newbury race. He appeared to be completely lacking in finishing speed, but it is worth bearing in mind that he will meet Old Tay Bridge on 10 lb. better terms in the National. The weights for that race come out pretty well in accordance with expectations. It was, for example, almost inevitable that Silvo would be at the top of the handicap. True, he was well beaten under the same weight last year, but subsequently he won the Grand Steeplechase at Auteuil, and the handicapper, therefore, had no real reason for dropping him in the National.

"National" Horses

Double Chance has gone up from 10 st. 9 lb. to 11 st. 10 lb., which is just the way we expected last year's winner to be treated. If he were fit and well Fred Archer's horse would have a fine chance under his new weight, but his trainer tells me that he has had a good deal of trouble with the horse's doubtful leg. It would be inadvisable, therefore, to back Double Chance until much nearer the date of the race. The bookmakers do not seem to be particularly anxious to do business on the National. I am told that those connected with Old Tay Bridge are anxious to back the horse after he had run at Newbury. The best offer they could get was 100 to 7, and as they stipulated for rather longer odds there was nothing doing at that particular time. The bookies say that the Grand National is nearly always a losing race for them. One of the leading practitioners assures me that he has never won over the big steeplechase since Rubio rolled home at a forlorn price. Even Master Robert, he said, was a well-backed winner.

Week-end Meetings

There looks like being some bright racing both north and south this week-end. Few dull moments occur at Sandown when 'chasing is on. It is an ideal course for the game, both from the point of view of the spectators and the horses. The country is fair without being in any sense easy, and that last stretch of rising ground makes it such a good test of stamina that the best horse at the weights will usually win if he escapes bad luck. There should be a good race on Friday for the Prince Albert Hurdle Handicap. **Signet** did not fulfil expectations at Newbury, but I give him another chance here. I expect **Silvo** to capture the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase on the second day. Among the Manchester attractions will be the Grand Allies Steeplechase on Saturday. This is a prize well worth winning. Ireland is sending two useful performers in Alroi and Grecian Note, but I shall depend upon **Sprig,** in spite of the fact that he is at the top of the handicap.

COMING EVENTS

THE COCKER IN TOWN

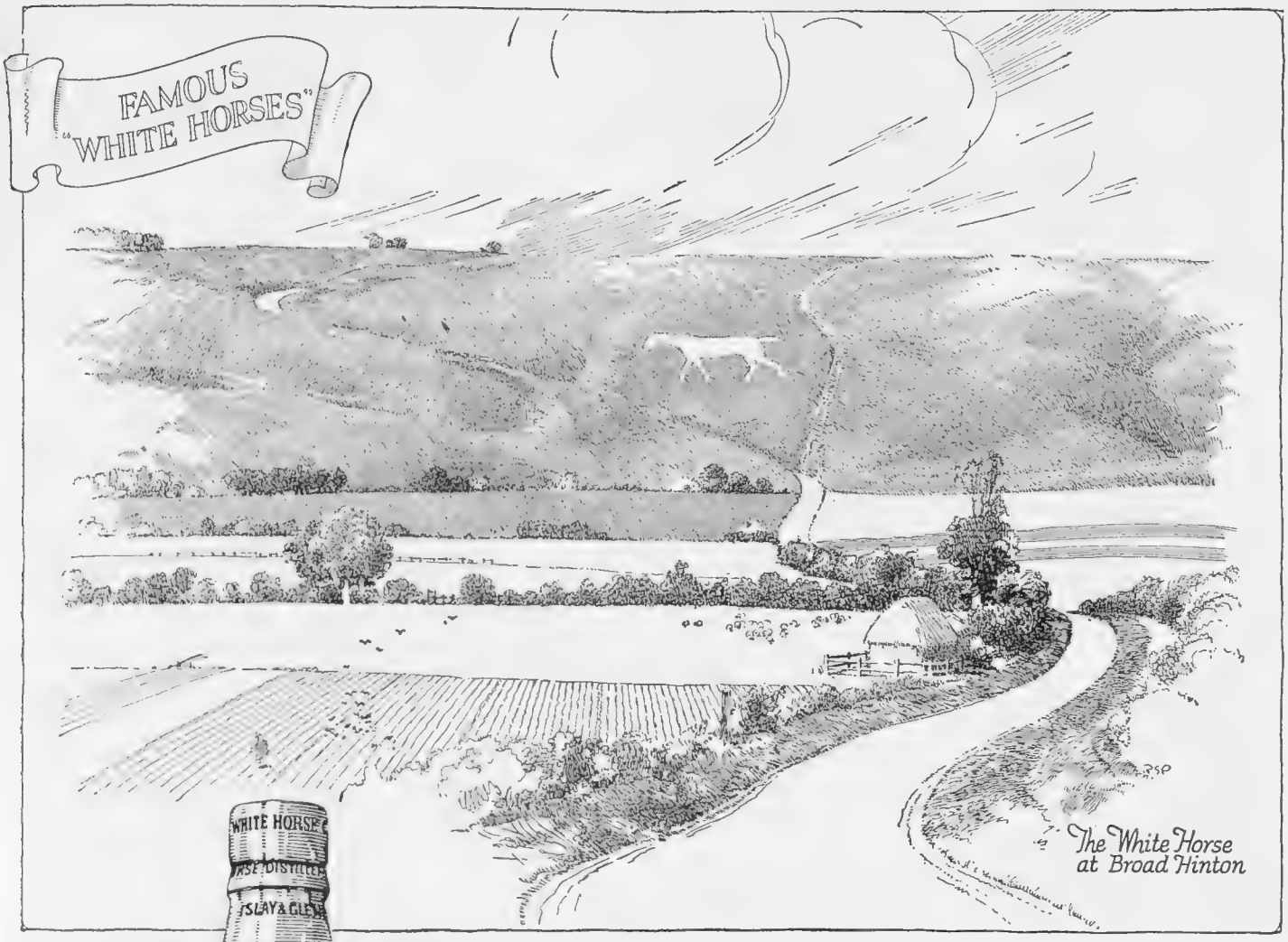
BY "THE KENNELMAN"

Before the war the largest number of Dog licences ever issued in one year was well under two million. Present figures suggest that the three million mark will be exceeded for 1926; and, fortunately, the proportion of come-by-chance mongrels still tends to decrease. In Germany, where the tax has been increased to something over £3, the mongrel is likely, they say, to become practically extinct; so the canine community there may in the long run gain by what at present is regarded as a severe handicap. Dog-lovers who generously furnish money for the payment of other folks' licences should make sure that the Dogs concerned really have homes and a life worth living. Far better the lethal chamber than the homeless stray's fight for existence in the streets. *Apropos* that rather gloomy subject, it is not necessary to have access to lethal chambers when, owing to incurable and painful disease, accident, or other cause, it becomes desirable to give a passport to happier hunting grounds. In such a case prussic acid is only slightly preferable to such crude old methods as shooting or drowning. The perfect way out is, first, an injection of morphia, inducing unconsciousness natural and easy as sleep, and then chloroform.

A correspondent writes:—"I have the opportunity of securing a perfectly charming Cocker, a blue-roan, champion-bred on both sides. Would it be criminal of me, in view of the fact that we live rather more than nine months of the year right in Town, and in a flat at that? We are within a hundred yards of the park here, and have access to the small garden of the Square. I want the Cocker badly, but remember your previous advice against choosing essentially sporting Dogs for Town life."

This correspondent clearly has a conscience, having regard to which, no less than to the proximity of park and garden, the "Kennelman's" verdict is that the opportunity may be taken without criminality. But he desires it should not lead to crime, and therefore adds this word of caution. The whole delightful Spaniel tribe, and especially, perhaps, Field Spaniels and Cockers, once cut off from field and stubble, are predisposed to the laying on of adipose tissue, with resultant deterioration: skin troubles, painful, and difficult to treat, lethargy, and boredom. If, therefore, you would impose sedentary conditions upon one of this lovable breed, *and* preserve an easy conscience, there are two forms of self-indulgence you must religiously avoid:—(1) You must never give your Spaniel dainties, or anything else edible, between meals; and his meals must be *spare* and plain. (2) You must never permit him to toast himself before the fire. He, knowing no better, will readily accept of both lascivious delights; but you will be guilty of cruelty if he gets 'em; and he will have to pay the quite inevitable penalties. For the rest, the more he sees of park and garden the better, not in spasmodic bursts, but as a regular part, however brief, of his daily life. Dry, hard biscuit, raw lean flesh, cut thin, and unlimited fresh cold water—supply renewed twice daily—that should be about the extent of the diet, strictly rationed in point of quantity.

The question: "Do Dogs dream?" seems to the Kennelman hardly more called for than: "Do Dogs eat?" or "Do Dogs sleep?" Quite certainly they do dream, especially of outdoor activities.



TO celebrate the coronation of Queen Victoria a White Horse was cut out of the Downs at Broad Hinton in 1838. Its rather elongated form can be seen on the Devizes Road between Wootton Bassett and Marlborough.

The White Horse trade mark dates back to 1746, and the Original Recipe of that date is still adhered to. To-day it stands as a Guarantee of Quality and Age unsurpassed.

WHITE HORSE Scotch WHISKY

WHITE HORSE DISTILLERS LTD., GLASGOW and LONDON

The Largest ***Independent*** *Whisky Firm in Scotland.*

Shelton Studio

MISS FAY MARBE

The famous American artiste who is making her first appearance in the country at the Café de Paris and the Cavour Restaurant in speciality songs and dances. Miss Marbe is well known in the musical comedy world of America, where she occupies a prominent position.

FEMINA

CLOTHES AND PAINT

By "CANDIDA"

EVERYBODY has been talking Sargent for a fortnight. So have I, and so have all the critics, though remarks about "representation" and "values" aren't particularly illuminating to anyone, except perhaps to the people who make them. Genius takes a lot of dissecting, and by the time you've done it to your own satisfaction you've lost the interest of the crowd. Besides, it's a well-known fact that one isn't a judge of one's contemporaries. They're out of perspective somehow; they bulk too big, or too little, and the timid are afraid of risking opinions. To be a wise-after-the-event-acre is playing the safest game, which reminds me of the story of the artist's wife who said indignantly to a critic: "You don't think much of him" (the artist). "You just wait till he's dead."

NOT that Sargent had to wait to be appreciated. No man ever waited less. Nor that people have changed their minds about him. You couldn't see the old favourites on the walls for the admiring crowds. But when I went to Burlington House I wanted to see how the clothes of those impossible 'nineties and benighted nineteen-hundreds would strike me in the light of reason—the reason, that is, of 1926. Faces wear so much better than sleeves, and one's got to be very famous to live down the wrong hat. If there's no judging an artist till he's left us, and he's wonderful only after he's gone, it's equally certain that clothes are beautiful only while you're wearing them. Afterwards reason comes into its own again. About the skirts and things which one wore contentedly ten years ago, the less said the better. Just a horrified wonder: "How on earth could I?" and you've done with the subject. But a portrait, and a masterpiece at that, even if it is wearing a royal fringe and a bustle, doesn't allow you to dispose of it so lightly.

OH, yes; I know all about those fascinating eighteenth-century pictures of lovely ladies and their equally delightful clothes. And those wonderful Velasquez Infantas with their incredible hoops, their lace collars, their bows and enormous balloony sleeves. They're all far away enough to be attractive, because distance lends enchantment—to clothes, anyway. But it's got to be a respectable distance. Those eighteen-nineties are too near and yet too far, and at the best they had no claim to any distinction except that of ugliness. Not, of course, that a ridiculous preoccupation with clothes could spoil a fine picture; but, when one isn't as yet an ancestor, it's difficult to be sufficiently detached.

THUS and thus I reasoned at the turnstile, but not a shred of my prejudices survived the first ten minutes. Where was the stiffness I'd promised myself? Where the lack of proportion, the hideous fabrics? Satin in those days called itself "*Duchesse,*" or something like that, and was hard and unmanageable. It stood up stiffly and creased and overdid the lustre part like a brass pot you'd polished too conscientiously. Not so the satins as Sargent saw them. They're subtle and mysterious, with a sheen like moonshine and Oriental pearls, and they suggest a royal magnificence tempered with discretion. Even the best they turn out in Lyons nowadays (and we've progressed enormously) doesn't manage such a sheen and such distinction. Therefore, it's not the fabric but the way you handle it that matters.

AND it's not the colour either. If I remember rightly, pink was nothing to boast of. It was just pink, fit only for the young person and the less sophisticated roses. But the shade of those beautiful cloak linings in the pictures is an adorable rose, subtly alive like a blush, and suggestive somehow of the best houses and the best people, where incomes run into huge figures and art and beauty aren't striven for and talked about, but are taken for granted. Pink *à la* Sargent isn't so much a colour as an inspiration.

POETIC, or, if you like, artistic, licence is all very well with colours and textures and all that, but how about the cut of those terrible garments? There's no conjuring with an outline. It either is, or it isn't, and it can't be ignored. True; but it's wonderful how it can be subdued and made the best of. There might have been sleeves such as . . . but there weren't. There ought to have been waists like . . . but if there were one didn't notice them. Apparently, it doesn't matter so much what clothes you wear, but who it is that paints them. Seen the right way they fall into line, even if they haven't any. In short, you can either paint clothes, or you can't, and if you can, such a trifle as the 1890 hideosities will not deter you. And if you can't, not even the great X himself, with his red ribbon in his buttonhole, his manners, his millions, and his genius for evolving clothes that *are* clothes, will help you to save the situation.

THE point is that people who can't, or anyway don't, paint clothes have no idea that there is a situation to be saved. When they've done with your face, or your soul, or your character, or whatever it is that they're painting, they'll add a smudge or two, just to indicate that you were wearing something, but what it was exactly was beneath their notice. The smudge is supposed to stand for lack of interest, and not, of course, for lack of talent. It's not so much that they wish to elude as that they don't condescend; at least that is what they would have us know. And thanks to their evasion (which they call the triumph of the survival of the fittest) you've got a portrait you needn't be ashamed of in your heart of hearts when—if ever—waists and monster sleeves should come in again. Perhaps—but I'm not sure that I agree with them. I've seen so many portraits in which the clothes were more interesting than the faces that went with them. And posterity (to say nothing of the painter himself) has got to be amused somehow.

a good word for everybody

BASS

A little word—but what a glow and a gladdening it means! Bass! The choicest malt and hops, the wonderful Burton water, and a brewing craft that has no equal—that is Bass—good, sound, and satisfying to the uttermost.

B1

A Terrible Blow!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The sad story of a punctured romance told in four moving chapters

PARISIANA

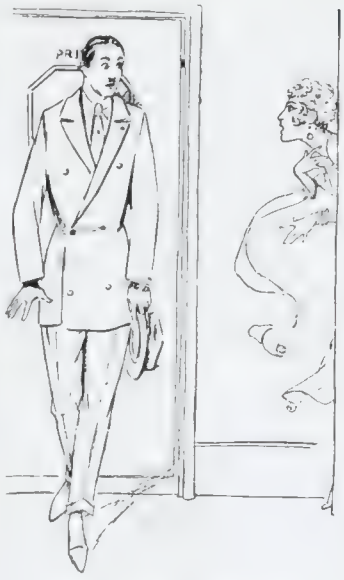
By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

A MUSICAL comedy with a story running through it all the way—and not merely recollected at intervals when the chorus is changing dresses—is sufficiently exceptional in itself to make the new production at the Théâtre de la Michodière an *événement peu banal* in a theatrical season. But "*Passionnément*" has several other claims, almost equally good, to a position well out of the ruck.

THERE are no "bevies of beauties," thus no massed chorals wherein harmony in leg-lifting is supposed to compensate for lack of harmony in vocal climbing; and no *grandes finales*. As casts go, for musical comedies, this may be said to be of very minute proportions. Therefore, if it continues to go well with the Paris public, which is half French, a quarter American, one-eighth British, and one-eighth *mélangé*, I can see London and New York managers bidding frantically by cable, with such a saving of the salary list in view, to say nothing of the saving of insurance premiums for chorus girls' sprained ankles. And with a little toning-down, "*Passionnément*" might even pass the Birmingham Watch Committee. For America, judging by the Americans who trail-blaze in Europe, there would be need for very little pruning, as it is not only written partly for them but very largely about them.



"After a business conference"

YOU might easily run away with the idea that because there is nothing of the Slav Court dazzle, no glamour of history, no swashbuckling, no sunlit isles of southern seas, no tropical flora or other sheltering palms, "*Passionnément*" would be cold and thin. As a matter of fact, it is very bright, and the "types" are so good that the piece may very well have a triumphant career equalling that of the imperishable musical comedies.

MUCH depends, of course, on the taste in music of other capitals. For Paris this music of André Messager is perfect in its apt lightness, but while the filmy fabric appeals to Paris, the texture may not be sufficiently strong for the more biting climes across-Channel, or the rawer air of New York; and thus it may suffer the fate of those finest of light wines which can never be known as the nectar they are except within twenty miles of the *vignobles*.

THE story of "*Passionnément*" is based on the widely accepted theories that for an American business man *les affaires sont les affaires*, for a Frenchman *les affaires sont les affaires de cœur*, for an American wife *les affaires de cœur* are more important as well as much more interesting than *les affaires tout court*. Given these well-established preferences, it is almost certain that when an American millionaire, Stevenson, learns there is oil in abundance on property in Colorado belonging to a Frenchman, Robert Perceval, that as Perceval is a well-set-up young fellow, and that Stevenson has a pretty and *très sympathique* young wife, we can count on a "deal."

THIS being within all our powers of anticipation—even those of us who are typically musical comedy audience—the thing for the author to avoid, obviously, is the making of the bargain too cynical, for, above all, the touch of romance needs to be preserved in the operette atmosphere. It is perhaps the most successful element of the craftsmanship of MM. Hennequin and Willemetz that they order the developments in such a way that they appear acceptably natural, without too much of a jar.

"Whom he takes into partnership for the working of the property"

"To wear a white *perruque* and blue spectacles"

STEVENSON has come to Deauville to try to acquire for ten thousand dollars oil lands worth a billion, and, knowing from the testimony of those well-informed American reporters that it is dangerous to throw an attractive young American wife in the society of dollar-disdaining young Frenchmen, compels her to wear a white *perruque* and blue spectacles. Of course there are moments aboard the Stevenson yacht in Trouville harbour when she can leave off the "horrors," believing there is nobody about, and it is natural that it should be at one of those moments that Perceval should be erring—in the French sense—that way, after a business conference with Stevenson.

CONFORMING to the reputation established by the American reporters, Perceval declares his love immediately, and though Mrs. Stevenson pretends—in support of the age-compact—that she is Stevenson's niece, it is evident that the pact will not impede Perceval over long. Soon she finds means of advising him not to sell for ten thousand dollars. In the end Stevenson divorces her so that she can marry Perceval, whom he takes into partnership for the working of the Colorado property, the agreeable road being revealed to the hitherto dry Stevenson by an accidental glass of *extra-sec*.

IT might strike you as being a bit far-

fetched to suggest that the whole moral outlook of a very dour American could be *renversé* by a bottle or two of champagne, but no open-eyed Parisian would query the soundness of the author's evidence. The best proof of the efficiency of Prohibition in America is to be found in Paris. The Americans' inability to carry drink is so clearly due to lack of practice

S

SOME of our Cabinet Ministers, or the officials who act in their names, have acquired an extra dose of courage recently in the matter of distribution of honours. The latest Legion of Honour lists have included names which show a very exceptional amount of boldness on the part of those who effected their inclusion, for, generally speaking, conservatism persists very strongly in regard to the bestowal of the red rosette.

S

THE award which has stimulated most controversy — as much favourable as hostile, one must take care to emphasise—is the rosette of Mlle. Zambelli, *première danseuse* at the Opera. This is the first time the rosette has ever been awarded for dancing, and thus many people with time to waste have employed it in arguing that the note of seriousness implied in the Legion of Honour has

"By an accidental glass of *extra-sec*"

been struck out by this innovation. But the dancing of Mlle. Zambelli is intensely serious dancing, of a very strictly classical inspiration, and not at all the sort of stuff you wish to include in a frivolous night. Mlle. Zambelli, like a number of other leading Parisians, is a foreigner, coming from Italy, and had the opposition been concerned with that it could have been understood, but to complain merely because of the association of the rosette with dancing looks very back-village stuff.

S

ANOTHER of the surprises is the rosette of M. Eugene Cornuché, "King" of Deauville and Cannes, and Emperor of All the Expensive Resorts and Restaurants, where the most money is gladly contributed for the best of food and wines and entertainment. M. Cornuché is believed to have desired that bit of ribbon for a good few years now, but no previous Ministerial combination has shown signs of recognition. So far this rosette seems to have passed almost unnoticed, so the Government may escape criticism for having honoured a *restaurateur*. However, if attacked, Ministers can always say that Deauville is at least worth a rosette. And what would Deauville be had not Cornuché passed that way? RENÉ.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

By A. E MANNING FOSTER

BIDDING ON BIG HANDS

"WHAT should I bid as dealer," asks a Cork correspondent, holding S—A. H—A, Q. D—A, K, Q. C—A, K, Q, J, 10, 8, 6?"

Well, at first sight I was inclined to reply—"What does it matter? Bid any number of No-trumps you like up to six." If I held such a hand I should pinch myself to assure myself I was not dreaming, for nothing even remotely approaching it has fallen to my lot in the whole of my Bridge career. But on thinking it over I felt sure that with such a wonderful hand there is no object in making a pre-emptive bid. Start with "One No-trump," and await developments.

. . . . . .

The reason is that if you bid up gradually against, say, a strong Spade holding you are more likely to be doubled than if you start off with a big call. It is a case where you can afford to lie low and await the opponents' bidding. With such a freak hand it is quite likely that there is also a freak hand with one of your adversaries. It is quite possible that there may be ten or more Spades massed against you. The hand is not one on which to double. It should be played in No-trumps whatever the opponents bid. To double even six Spades on it would probably be a waste of good material.

. . . . . .

But, you may say, it is practically impossible for you to be doubled on such a hand. No player in his senses would dream of doubling a bid with such strength against him. Well, wait a bit! Here is an imaginary, but by no means impossible distribution of the cards where a double of a high No-trump bid looks anything but mad.

	S—5, 3, 2. H—8, 6, 4, 3.	D—8, 7, 6. C—9, 5, 2.
	Y	
S—K, Q, J, 10, 9, 7, 6. H—K, J. D—J, 10, 9, 4. C—None.	*A*	*B* S—8, 4. H—10, 9, 7, 5, 2. D—5, 3, 2. C—7, 4, 3.
	Z	
	S—A. H—A, Q.	D—A, K, Q. C—A, K, Q, J, 10, 8, 6.

Score: Game all. Y, Z 20 on rubber game. Z deals and bids "One No-trump"; A "Three Spades"; Y and B "No bid"; Z "Three No-trumps"; A "Four Spades"; Y and B "No bid"; Z "Four No-trumps"; A "Double." All pass.

You have seen all the hands, and you know that A could not possibly make even "Three Spades," and that Z might profitably have doubled. But is A's double of four No-trumps "so preposterous"? He has the lead. He knows he can clear his Spades with the loss of one trick in them. He holds two other suits guarded. Granted that he suspects Z has long solid Clubs, has he not on the face of it a good sporting chance of defeating four No-trumps? I think nine players out of ten would double in A's position, and I certainly should not blame them.

. . . . . .

If, however, Z starts off with a big bid—say, "Three No-trumps"—A is likely to "smell a rat." He thinks at once that Z holds a hundred aces and a very big hand. You may, of course, reply that A may make the same deduction from Z going up gradually. But my point is that A is not nearly so likely to double if Z starts high, presuming that he considers Z a sound bidder. I imagine that A argues like this—"Z does not double my bid of four Spades. Therefore it is quite possible that although he has a good hand, he has not a certainty. I can't very well bid 'Five Spades,' and I have a good sporting chance of defeating four No-trumps."

. . . . . .

Another big hand, but of a different nature, has been sent to me by "Devotee," from Adelaide. At score game all, love all, he dealt himself—S—A. H—A, K, J. D—A. C—Q, J, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5. He called "Three No-trumps," and made a grand slam, and asks me "Was my bid correct?"

In this instance I have no hesitation in replying emphatically "No."

There are three possible bids on such a holding. (1) One No-trump. (2) Five Clubs. (3) One Club. With two singleton aces I do not favour the risk of a No-trumper at all. To bid "Three No-trumps" on it is, in my opinion, to take an absurd and unnecessary chance. I consider the best bid on this hand is "One Club." I rule out absolutely "Two Clubs," or even three or four. "Five Clubs" I regard as quite justifiable but unnecessary, because the hand is essentially one on which it is possible to bid up gradually, and it is easy to visualise situations where the bid of five Clubs might be doubled. Because my correspondent was lucky enough to find his partner with Ace, King of Clubs and King of Diamonds, on which he was able to discard a losing Heart, his "No-trumper" came off triumphantly.

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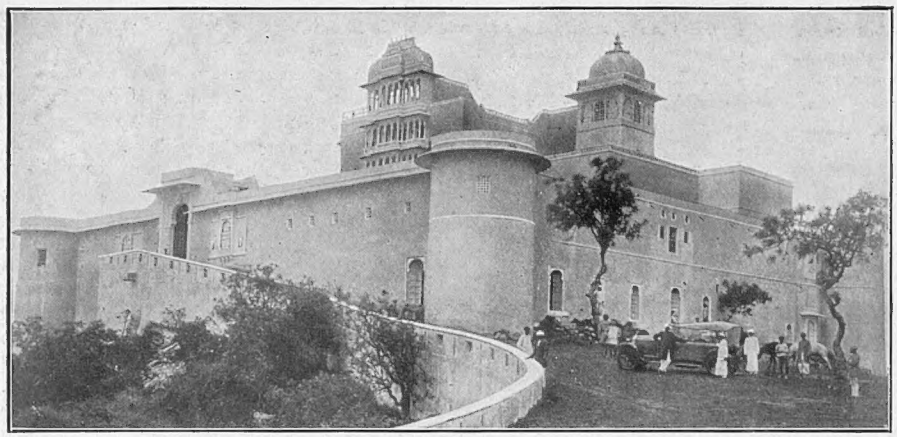

A PALACE IN INDIA

The residence of H.H. Shreeman Maharaj Kumar of Udaipur. The 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce car under the trees is used by His Highness on State occasions

MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD

THE gyratory system of traffic control which is being introduced into London squares and circuses is most fascinating to the motorist. At those spots where the system has been instituted traffic is allowed to pass on both sides of street refuges. From force of habit most drivers keep to the near-side of these refuges, but those who, greatly daring, take the off-side of the road have practically a clear run where they can travel at a goodly speed, to which they are urged by the traffic police. When Piccadilly Circus is completed this will most probably constitute a record in the gyratory system. Everybody is satisfied with it except the unfortunate pedestrian marooned on a street island with traffic dashing on either side of him.

THE Court-Treatt Cape to Cairo motor expedition is now an accomplished fact. For the first time in history this journey has been made by road. Starting off from London in August, 1924, Major and Mrs. Court-Treatt have travelled with two Crossley cars across unknown Africa from Cape Town to Cairo, arriving on Sunday, January 24. The full story of their journey is yet to be told, but what is known already is sufficient to indicate that they have had to encounter great hardships, and oftentimes peril with flood and beasts of prey. It is interesting to note that the explorer's wife accompanied him. Mrs. Court-Treatt, a slight, pretty woman, had a definite duty to perform, in that her object was to conduct dealings with the native women to whom access by the male members of the party was impossible. The fact that the Crossley cars have come through the exacting journey is a great tribute to British workmanship. A "welcome" dinner will be given to the expedition on its arrival in London, and the date will be February 10th.

* * *

IN view of reports appearing in the Press suggesting that the Automobile Association patrol service may be subsidised out of public funds for traffic control at cross-roads, Mr. Stenson Cooke, the Secretary, asks me to make it quite clear that every patrol wearing the A.A. uniform is paid, clothed, and equipped entirely out of the Association's funds, and that there is no dual control.

* * *

IN my early and more enthusiastic motoring days I used to spend a considerable time in the by-ways, searching for steep, and, perhaps, unclimbable hills. As the years rolled on many of these hills faded from my memory, and when I now come across any of them it is with a pleasing sense of renewing an old acquaintanceship. Such an event occurred recently when I was wandering about Sussex and Kent with one

(*Continued on page 280*)

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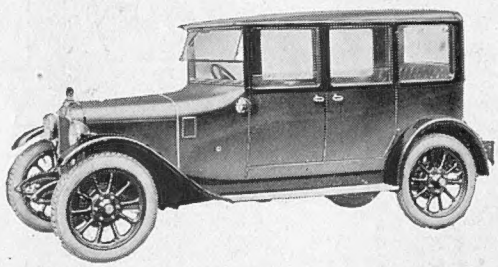

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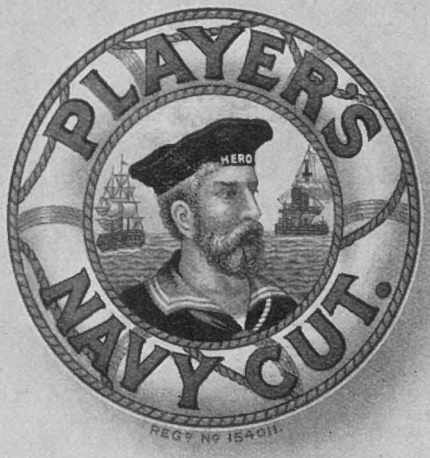

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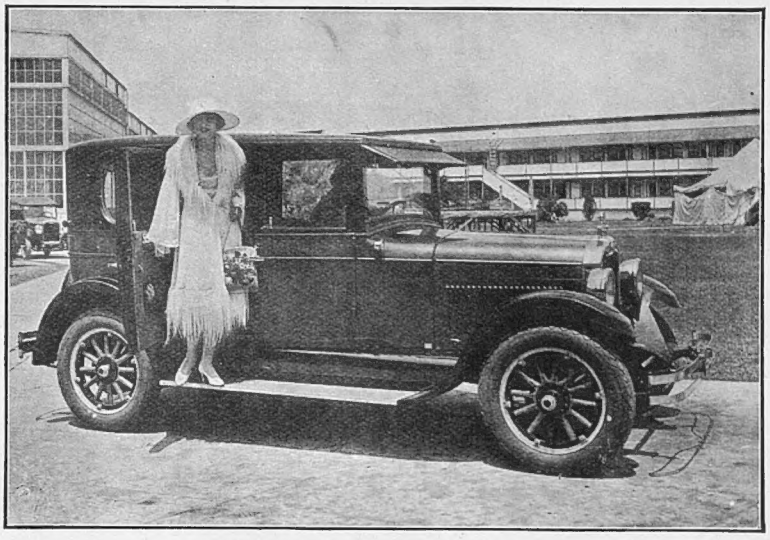
of the latest 20 h.p. Rolls-Royces, with a four-speed gear box and four wheel brakes. Almost by accident I found myself at the foot of a little-known test-hill amid surroundings which seemed vaguely familiar, and I suddenly realised that before us lay a really steep hill with numerous corners, up which I had had the greatest difficulty in climbing five years previously. Comforting myself with the thought that the Rolls-Royce had four speeds, I first engaged third, and then second, looking forward to the time when I should require bottom. The Rolls-Royce, however, thought otherwise, and my old enemy, the hill, was spurned in a most disdainful manner on second speed.

***

One would naturally hesitate to take a car of the dimensions of the 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce into the narrowest lanes of the Southern Counties, but, having found myself committed to such a course, I quickly realised that the apparent size of the car had little to do with its ease of manœuvring. The wide steering-lock made driving round the acutest corners a matter of childlike simplicity, while the excellent four-wheel braking system allowed the car to be kept under perfect control on the steepest descents and on the vilest surfaces. The rapid acceleration of the six-cylinder engine made it possible to average a comfortable speed on the most twisty lanes. Advantage could instantly be taken of a clear stretch of road, while the car could be quickly brought to a crawl for the next blind corner. On the open road the Rolls-Royce becomes a different car. While retaining its sweetness and silence, it gives evidence of considerably more power than one would expect from a three-litre engine. With a full load and a heavy body it can comfortably exceed a mile a minute, and at the same time it resolutely refuses to skid.



ON LOCATION WORK

Miss Claire Windsor, of Hollywood, arriving to begin the day's work at the Metro-Goldwin Mayer Studios. The car is an Oakland "Six" Landau Sedan.

***

The spirit moves me to inveigh against the average hotel met with on our main roads, particularly during the winter months. When the weather conditions are at their worst few motorists travel for pleasure, and those motorists who have perforce to take the road require excellent meals at times convenient to themselves. How often does one find in such cases that the hot lunch at an hotel will not be ready for another half-hour, or that the time during which such a luncheon is served has passed. The frost-bitten motorist has then to console himself with cold viands, which are scarcely stimulating in cold weather. There are, of course, excellent hotels which make a special point of catering for motorists, and as these become more widely known those who require good meals at the proper time often make considerable detours in order to pull up at one of these places.

George C. Stead.

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